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The Week

TWO events of world importance took place during the week ending November 23. Germany and Japan admitted the existence of the alliance which has so long been suspected, though they accompanied the admission with the usual meaningless diplomatic reservations. Germany and Italy brought another secret into the open when they gave legal recognition to the Spanish rebels. Although it was pretended that the German-Japanese understanding was directed against communism, not against Soviet Russia, and that it provided for benevolent neutrality of one power or the other, not active participation in an anti-Soviet war, no competent observer anywhere in the world took these protestations at their face value. . . . In Spain, the government forces continued their desperate defense of Madrid. Franco announced a blockade of the Spanish coast, a blockade which his insignificant naval force could not possibly maintain without German, Italian and Portuguese assistance. After some hesitation, the British government appeared to accept the blockade, except for English ships, not involved in any case. Thus it gave support to the view of those who argue that the Tory Cabinet wants a fascist victory and is tacitly working to bring one about. . . . The suicide of the French Minister of the Interior, Roger Salengro, hounded to death by slanderous stories in the fascist press, brought a wave of unrest with strikes and public demonstrations. . . . The forward movement of the Japanese in North China continued, as diplomatic negotiations remained in a stalemate. . . . Latin America prepared for the Pan American Conference beginning December 1, while President Roosevelt hurried south for its opening session. . . . A German engineer, one of a group on trial in Soviet Russia, confessed to murderous sabotage in a coal mine, carried out with the connivance of a German consul, and German protests of his sentence increased the tension betwen the two countries.

THE A.F. of L., meeting at Tampa, moved steadily toward the expulsion of the fourteen unions in the C.I.O. It took the extraordinary step of outlawing the union label in men's clothing made by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, thereby theoretically almost forcing good A.F. of L. men to wear overalls or go naked. It also outlawed the maritime strike in Atlantic Coast and Gulf ports. . . . As this strike continued, tying up several hundred ships on all three coasts, renewed demands were made for a personal intervention by President Roosevelt, who, however, will not return to this country until about the middle of December. . . . Rexford G. Tugwell, wearying of the role of administration whipping boy, resigned to enter private business. . . . Programs for the new Congress were drawn up by nearly everyone except its members. . . . Big business, seeking to escape the corporate-surplus tax, continued to pour out special dividends to stockholders. . . . Joseph E. Davies, heavy Democratic campaign contributor and husband of one of America's richest, most conservative women, was appointed Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. . . .The United States Chamber of Commerce, apparently fearing a revival of the N.R.A., brought forward again the moth-eaten proposal for regional interstate compacts covering industrial conditions. . . . As Langdon Post, New York City housing expert, predicted a grave shortage of dwellings in that city,

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it was discovered that tentative government plans for the new apartments now under construction in the metropolitan area call for a rent of nearly $9 per room per month, far more than the poor can pay. . . . Plans were announced for government-subsidized transatlantic dirigible service, carrying passengers and mail. . . . The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching added to the gayety of nations by announcing another investigation of professionalism in college football, which has grown much worse since the last study was made. . . . The United States Supreme Court upheld the New York State unemployment-insurance law, four to four, Mr. Justice Stone not sitting.

WHEN Anthony Eden emerged upon the public scene, about two years ago, he seemed to many Americans a gallant and romantic figure, a handsome, impeccably dressed young spokesman for truth and fair dealing and the maintenance of peace. If anyone still held that view as recently as last week, he can hardly do so any longer. It was Anthony Eden who, discussing foreign interference in the Spanish civil war, said categorically: "I think there are other governments more to blame than either Germany or Italy." He might, of course, have referred to Portugal; but everyone knows that on the contrary he referred to Soviet Russia: when Moscow assumed that this was the case, not a syllable of denial came from him. We doubt whether there is an informed person in the world who believes the Foreign Secretary's statement, including himself. But the Tory government he serves is determined, for its own reasons, not to break with Germany and Italy on this issue; somebody had to do the dirty work, and Mr. Eden drew the black spot. The spectacle is as extraordinary as it is to see the British Empire, mistress of the seas, meekly accepting Franco's illegal and wellnigh intolerable blockade, only insisting that English ships go their way unmolested. The British backed down in the Italian-Ethiopian affair, enduring a terrific blow to their prestige for several reasons, among which an important one was the fact that they preferred Mussolini to a possible radical government of Italy in his place. It is becoming steadily clearer that the preponderant opinion in the British Cabinet would rather see Franco win than lose.

THE resignation of Under-Secretary of Agriculture Rexford G. Tugwell comes at a time when nobody can accuse him of running away under fire, or the administration of throwing out a scapegoat for political purposes. This is fortunate, for it permits a more realistic appraisal of the reasons why he does not belong any longer in this administration. He first became a center of attack because he sponsored a revision of the pure food and drug law which would have made it more difficult to sell harmful products or to sell any products by dishonest means. This stirred up the powerful advertising profession and the publications that profit from misleading advertising—a powerful aggregation against which the President failed to throw his personal force. The law remained unamended. Mr. Tugwell next attempted, in pursuance of the duties of his office, to obtain an honest enforcement of the intent of the Agricultural Adjustment Act in regulating processors and distributors in the interest both of farmers and consumers, by codes or licensing systems which would have enforced public accounting and control of profit margins. Here again, opposed by strong business pressure, he was let down by the administration. He disapproved of the high-price policy of the N.R.A.; this made more enemies. The President always listened to his advice, but in crucial matters failed to follow it. Finally he was given a useful but relatively minor job as head of the Resettlement Administration. This he began well and with imagination. But it was not the kind of central issue with which he was mainly concerned; it became apparent that Mr. Roosevelt did not really intend to do anything fundamental about the operation of the economic system. In spite of discouragement he stuck to his post until it was decent to quit; he is to be congratulated that the time has come when he could do so.

AT THE very moment when President Roosevelt approached Rio de Janeiro on his trip to Buenos Aires, where he will propose to the American republics a peace pact insulating them against aggression and war in the rest of the world, two American journalists, James Waterman Wise and Isobel Walker Soule, returned from Brazil and confirmed the previous knowledge that that nation is not now a democracy at all, is tending rapidly toward fascism and is by way of falling under Italian or German influence or both. President Vargas is ruling unconstitutionally under a so-called "state of war" proclaimed by himself. Rigorous censorship prevails, of the press, of speech and of communications. Hundreds of prominent liberals—not merely Communists as the government alleges—are in jail. Luis Carlos Prestes, the great leader of the movement for liberation, is about to be tried for his life by a military tribunal. Mrs. Prestes, a German, was deported after the birth of her baby while she was prisoner, and is now, with another woman, a refugee from Germany, in the tender hands of Hitler's Gestapo. The whereabouts of the Prestes child are not known. Local press representatives either cannot or do not send news of such things to the outside world. For these conditions American capital and American diplomats share responsibility. President Roosevelt ought to exert his great influence for a house-cleaning in Brazil if he expects to find there a dependable partner in any movement for peace and good neighborliness.

IT IS easy to understand why President Roosevelt is worried about the flow of foreign funds to the speculative and investment markets in this country, but more difficult to know what can be done about

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it. Such funds came in large amounts during our last boom, and it was probably their withdrawal that started the Wall Street collapse in 1929. They can add to speculative inflation as they come in and exaggerate deflation as they go out; they also make more difficult any program for exchange stabilization. Of course, as long as a free market is preserved at all, it is impossible to control this inflow and outflow directly. What it is possible to do can be undertaken only by Federal Reserve policy. If interest rates here are kept below those in other capitals, something may be done to discourage the incoming of short-term funds. The difficulty of this policy is that it may at some future time encourage domestic credit inflation. A conflict of this type arose during the last period of prosperity. Furthermore, as war scares increase, international capital tends to place safety above immediate return. Perhaps it would be best to accept the money and try to sterilize its inflationary influence when the appropriate time comes, relying on the chance that by a reverse policy we may cushion the effect of its possible withdrawal.

WE SHOULD appreciate it very much if any of our readers in the San Francisco region could give us any information regarding the whereabouts of Mr. C. Harold Caulfield, who as recently as April 30, 1936, was president of the San Francisco Board of Education. On that date Mr. Caulfield made a speech in San Francisco in which he referred in a seriously unfair and inaccurate way to The New Republic. The editors of this paper at once wrote to Mr. Caulfield protesting his statement, but have had no reply either to this or to several subsequent letters. We take it for granted that failure on the part of a distinguished public official to answer these communications on a matter of this degree of importance could only be explained as arising from long continued absence from the city or serious illness. Can anyone tell us what ever became of Mr. Caulfield? Address The New Republic, 40 East Forty-ninth Street, New York City.

PROGRESSIVES in the state of Washington recorded the gains of their Washington Commonwealth Federation, at its convention November 14 and 15, with several substantial victories to be chalked up. Four of the state's six Congressmen are endorsees of the Federation, outstanding being John M. Coffee, who is expected to be a strong fighter for progressivism. Twenty-eight state legislators were elected, a minority group, but a useful one in working for good legislation. In the face of one of the most vitriolic and unscrupulous campaigns against it that has ever been waged by reactionaries, the Federation has reason to feel proud. At the convention the 460 delegates, of whom 181 were from trade unions, voted almost unanimously to scrap the stereotyped production-for-use motto and to adopt a new, more specific program, including public ownership of natural resources, public utilities, banks and monopolies; protection of workers' rights to collective bargaining, including the right to picket; security of farmers from eviction, and other solidly progressive measures. The convention also took a look into the future by voting to lead the formation of a Western States' Commonwealth Federation, which will coöperate with Labor's Non-Partisan League, the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Association, and like bodies.

WESTERN writers took their stand against the menace of reaction and war at the first Western Writers' Congress, held in San Francisco, November 13, 14 and 15. More than 100 writers signed the call to the Congress, which set forth its aims in the following words:

> We hold that if writers are to preserve the integrity, the pride and dignity of their craft, they must search themselves in relation to the social scene; they must consider the social and economic forces at work affecting their economic status, their creative effort, and the very basis of the right to maintain themselves through their profession. . . . We have already had foreshadowings of the suppressions, the banishments and the book burnings that have been the unhappy experience of our European fellows. Writers of the West are determined that they shall not happen here.

On this basis more than 300 delegates and visiting writers attended sessions of the Congress and participated in discussions of the modern writer in relation to democracy, fascism, new frontiers in literature, civil rights, censorship and suppression, labor crises, social backgrounds and allied topics. Addresses were made by Upton Sinclair, Sara Bard Field, Miriam Allen de Ford, Haakon Chevalier, Alexander Kaun, Carey McWilliams, Ella Winter and others. Seminar discussions were held on the novel, poetry, drama, the screen and the social sciences, and there was a symposium representing the arts of sculpture, painting, dance, music and the stage as channels for the dissemination of social concepts in coöperation with writers. Turnaway crowds sought to attend the opening session, to which the public was invited, and it was hoped from the quality of enthusiasm and public response at this meeting to establish a regional and permanent magazine.

IN AN editorial in The New Republic for November 4 on the beating of Joseph Gelders, the Alabama secretary of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, we stated that a large section of the press of Alabama had taken a reactionary and hysterical attitude toward the case. It is with the greatest pleasure that we now withdraw this comment, with sincere apologies to the newspapers concerned, and acknowlege the vigorous condemnation of the floggers in many editorials. Our error arose out of a misunderstanding of verbal information from a source in close touch with the case. Specifically we may name for the honor roll The Birmingham News, which commented:

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> The miserable floggers must know by now that what they have done is held by the great majority of persons in the state as an illegal act aimed at the foundations of American liberty. But over the nation Alabama shares the guilt which properly belongs only to these three or four persons.

The Birmingham Post, The Montgomery Advertiser, The Birmingham Age-Herald, and no doubt others that have not come to our attention, demanded the speedy conviction of the floggers. The grand jury refused to return indictments in the case, but with the press aroused there is still the possibility of getting action in some way, by a grand jury of another county through which the floggers passed, by the presentation of new evidence to the same jury, or by federal investigation. This is the most hopeful sign of progressivism that has come from Alabama in years, and we trust that the attitude of the press will prevent in future such attacks as those, in the past, on Saul Williams, Blaine Owen, Robert Wood, George Winton, William James, John Harvey, Steve Simmons and Sam Childs.

GOOD news about civil liberties for the week ending November 23: An Alabama Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the decision and declared unconstitutional the ordinance under which Jack Barton, a Communist organizer, was sentenced to 180 days on the chain gang. The ordinance had made it a crime to possess two copies of any piece of literature that might be interpreted as advocating overthrow of the government. . . . Kokomo, Indiana, repealed its ordinance that in effect prohibited picketing, after the ordinance had been sustained in the county court, but while an appeal to the state supreme court was pending. Terre Haute still has a similar ordinance, but the prohibition of picketing there is now being appealed. . . . Bad news for the same period: The New York State Court of Appeals upheld the conviction of Mrs. Harry Ward and Miss Evelyn Preston on charges of disorderly conduct arising from their joining a picket line when police had ordered pickets limited to two. The court rendered no opinion, although three judges dissented, so it is not clear whether it supports the power of police to limit pickets or merely holds the defendants guilty of causing a crowd to collect. . . . Articles on communism, carried as part of a series on various forms of government in The Weekly News Review and The American Observer, school news weeklies, led officials to "request" principals of District of Columbia schools to keep the periodicals out of their classrooms. The editorial board of the two magazines includes Walter E. Myers, Dr. Charles A. Beard, Harold G. Moulton, David S. Muzzey and Fred J. Kelly.

WE TAKE pleasure in announcing, after a careful investigation, that Mr. John N. Garner was re-elected Vice President of the United States on November 3.

The Die-Hards at Tampa

AS THE Tampa convention of the American Federation of Labor began its work, there was one question that overshadowed all others. Stated in its broadest terms, it was this: should the American labor movement be united and present a solid front to industry or should it be divided into rival groups fighting each other? The answer to this question was to come in the actions taken by the convention on the Committee for Industrial Organization, whose unions were under suspension, depriving of votes their membership of more than a million.

Peace overtures begun several weeks ago had come to nothing. John L. Lewis and other members of the C.I.O. had declared that they would at any time be ready to close the breach on two conditions: first that the suspension decreed by the Executive Council of the A.F. of L. be revoked; second, that the work of organizing the unorganized in basic industries be continued on an industrial rather than a craft-union basis. Approached by President Dubinsky of the Ladies' Garment Workers, the Executive Council appointed a committee to negotiate the differences, but did not announce any readiness to revoke the suspension. On this ground the C.I.O. declined to appoint a negotiating committee on its side. It saw no point in discussion so long as the parties were not to meet as equals in good standing in the A.F. of L.

The Executive Council had also tried to split the C.I.O. by failing to suspend the Typographical Union—on the technical ground that its president, Mr. Howard, was only personally a member of the Committee and that his union was not officially so. But Mr. Howard has dramatically rebuffed this strategem by announcing that he would do his best to take his union out of the A.F. of L. unless the outlawing of the C.I.O. were ended. He, like the others involved, believes the A.F. of L. Executive Council acted beyond its legal powers. The miners, the printers, the clothing and garment workers, the textile workers, the steel workers, the automobile workers and the others affiliated with the C.I.O. have made it abundantly clear that while they are willing to make peace, they are not willing to do so by sacrifice of their major objectives. If they cannot organize the unorganized into industrial unions within the A.F. of L., they will do so outside it.

It now seems evident that the answer of Tampa on this all-important question will not be on the side of unity. At least nothing has been done or said thus far, either by the Executive Council or by the convention, that offers any hope in that direction. To be sure, the Executive Council did modify its position somewhat. Instead of demanding drastic action and expulsion of the C.I.O. unions, it supported the more moderate course of continuing the suspensions. But this can be interpreted favorably only in the negative sense that the Council might have done

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worse. Unfortunately, that is not good enough. The problem of bringing the C.I.O. unions back to their rightful place in the Federation and of sanctioning their work of organizing the mass-production industries cannot be solved by negative action. It calls for positive action by men of broad vision and statesmanship. The lesson of Tampa appears to be that the Council does not number such men among its members.

There is good reason to believe that the so-called moderate course taken by the convention was dictated not by desire to promote unity but merely to escape the odium that would unquestionably have been attached to more drastic action. Pressure against expulsion from the rank and file, as represented by the state and central labor bodies, undoubtedly made itself felt. Nearly twenty resolutions supporting the C.I.O. were introduced Yet this considerable body of protest was not sufficient to prevent the Executive Council from pursuing a vindictive policy. The most obvious example of this was its recommendation of a boycott of the label of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The convention, of course, approved this, thus giving the A.F. of L.'s sanction only to the label of the United Garment Workers, which has some 40,000 members (mostly in work-clothes plants) as against the Amalgamated's 150,000. In order to get this passed the Council had to make the preposterous claim that the United Garment Workers were sufficiently organized to supply union clothes to all union men. It is apparently the intention of at least some members of the Council to carry such recriminations still further. Mr. Frey of the Metal Trades Department has introduced a resolution calling for a boycott of labels of all the International unions affiliated with the C.I.O. Whether or not this resolution is finally adopted, it reflects the type of mind that is now in control of the Federation.

If the convention adjourns without healing the split, if, as now seems to be its intention, it is laying its plans for aggressive warfare against its brothers in the labor movement, much damage may temporarily be done. Rival unions will be fostered to compete with those suspended from the A.F. of L. State and city central bodies will be compelled, on pain of discipline, to expel delegates from C.I.O. unions, and not to coöperate with them in their struggles. A great many painful and difficult decisions must be made throughout the subordinate unions. But the Amalgamated Clothing Workers alone survived such outlawry for years, and not only survived but grew and prospered. Surely one-third of the Federation's membership, including some of the strongest and most progressive unions and the ablest leaders, will do no worse. The rank and file want industrial organization, they want leadership with vision and energy. If the A.F. of L. sharpens the issue and makes a choice inevitable, it will probably lose to its new rival not only most of its potential members in mass-production industries, but many of those who are still affiliated with it. This outcome is to be preferred, in the long run, to peace bought by a surrender to the reactionary leadership which for years has proved its inability to create a genuine labor movement in the United States.

Child Labor Is Increasing

AMID THE general rejoicing over business recovery, the country seems to lose sight of the fact that some portion of the present advance is being made with the labor of children. Many persons feared that when the restraints of the N.R.A. were removed child labor would increase. Figures now at hand convert this apprehension into unpleasant reality. In the ten states, and ninety-eight cities in other states, reporting to the Federal Children's Bureau, regular employment certificates for the first half of 1936 were granted to 8,400 children. The certificates issued for the corresponding period last year were 3,350. Classified by occupations, the children going into manufacturing, mechanical and mercantile industries comprised 25 percent of the total, as compared with only 5 percent under the N.R.A.

Particularly bad conditions are reported in the lumber and wood-products industry in the South and the beet-sugar industry in the West, where special investigations have been made by the National Child Labor Committee. Boys of ten were found working in lumber mills, pole peeling and even logging in the swamps, and fourteen-year-olds frequently were put at jobs that would tax the strength of grown men. These back-timber regions of the South showed little concern for the education of children, schools were inadequate and standards of living were extremely low. Samples of pay scales showed that a father and two sons hauling logs got only 20 cents an hour for the three, and children were found working ten and twelve-hour days at wages of 50 to 75 cents per day. In the sugar-beet fields of the West the poverty was so great and the pay so low that when work was available practically every child above the age of eight was sent into the fields. This was especially true at the season when the beets were pulled out of the ground. Undernourished children were sent out to work in the cold winds and rain of late fall in the last desperate chance to earn a little money before winter set in.

On the legislative side, the Committee reports that little progress was made during the year in state legislation except in Rhode Island, which enacted a law establishing a sixteen-year age minimum for employment during school hours or for manufacturing work at any time, and setting a forty-hour week as a maximum for children under sixteen in other occupations. The real hope for protection of American children lies in the adoption of an amendment to the federal Constitution. An intense and apparently well financed conservative opposition has blocked the amendment thus far, even

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though polls taken by Fortune Magazine and others show that a large majority of citizens favor the measure. One great hitch in the process is that ratification must come through the state legislatures, which are not so directly responsive to public opinion. Twelve more states are needed to ensure its adoption, and with most of the state legislatures scheduled to be in session during 1937 it is hoped that the necessary states will swing into line.

Profits without Jobs

THE ANOMALY long ago foreseen is now a fact: we are having a spirited business recovery, with swelling profits and dividends, yet heavy unemployment still persists. Industrial production approaches closer and closer to 1929 levels, while employment lags far behind; in addition new millions have come of working age. We never have known exactly how many are unemployed; we do know, however, that relief rolls are still large and must continue so for a long time to come.

What accounts for this disparity between revival of business and revival of employment? The principal answer is simple: advancing technique enables industry to produce and distribute more goods with fewer workers. The advance was especially rapid during the depression, which put a premium on efficiency and in the end led to a wholesale revision of methods and the installation of many labor-saving devices. In addition, shifting of demand and movement of industry about the country have left stranded communities, or as they say in England, "depressed areas," with pockets of unemployed workers who may never again be able to find jobs, at least in their customary occupations. It is quite possible for this condition to exist simultaneously with actual labor shortages in other areas and occupations, shortages of which some employers are already beginning to complain. Some workers too long on relief have become psychologically "unemployable"; and of course training in special skills has been at a minimum during the depression.

There has long been a popular impression that since more goods could now be made with fewer workers than in 1929, there is no way out of the unemployment problem except with some economically regressive measure like putting a stop to mechanical improvements, or drastically shortening hours, or condemning millions of city-bred families to eke out a subsistence on self-sustaining farms. But, as Dr. H. G. Moulton of the Brookings Institution has truly pointed out, there is no reason why production and consumption should stop at the 1929 level. We did not have nearly enough goods then to sustain the population as a whole decently. If industry can now produce more with an equal amount of work, why not make all that is possible and keep everybody busy who wants a job? The product will not be more than people need. All that is necessary is that they should be able to buy it. They can do this, Dr. Moulton contends, if prices are reduced as efficiency advances and as it lowers costs of production per unit of product.

Dr. Moulton is right in believing that there would be work enough to go round if the people of the nation could live as well as they ought. Indeed, before those in the lower income groups could reach the standard of living now thought reasonable by moderately successful professional men or business executives, a terrific labor shortage would develop, unless further advances in productive technique were applied. But to achieve this result in modern economic society is not so easy as to understand its abstract possibility. For as business revives, prices usually rise, instead of falling as Dr. Moulton says they ought. Or, in cases where they fall, they usually do not drop so rapidly as lowered costs arising from better methods would permit. The reason is simple. A period of rapid revival is one in which demand is always pressing on supply. Less efficient units, which have higher costs, find a market for their goods. And the more efficient units charge what the traffic will bear, not what their lower costs would permit. In addition, a materially higher level of living would involve further shifting of demand, the training of millions of workers in skills to which they are not now accustomed, and genuine planning of production and income.

We have had in the past, and probably shall have again, brief periods of prosperity in which employment is relatively full, with marked unemployment only in derelict areas or declining industries. But never in such periods have we produced all that the country could, with better management, have made or consumed. And they have always been followed by periods of depression because of maladjustments of production, prices and wages, of savings, investment and credit. Since nothing fundamental has been done to change the mechanics of the system, we may look for the same results again. Business will congratulate itself that by following its accustomed practices it is solving unemployment. We may have a boom greater than in 1929. And then we shall have the unemployed again.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD LEWIS MUMFORD
JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN
W. P. MANGOLD JON. MITCHELL JOHN DEWEY
REXFORD G. TUGWELL

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The Next Four Years in Agriculture

This is the second in the series of articles under the general title, "The Next Four Years." The first article, on "The Next Four Years in Congress," by Representative Maury Maverick of Texas, appeared in our issue of November 25. The other contributors will be Rexford G. Tugwell, Morris L. Cooke, John L. Lewis, Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, Thomas Reed Powell, Bruce Bliven and George Soule.—THE EDITORS.

IN 1937 we can take a longer view of agriculture than we could in March, 1933. At that time the income of the American people had dropped to $40,000,000,000 annually from twice that amount before the depression. Agriculture's share had dropped from 12 to about 7½ percent. Farmers were suffering more than other groups because a profound maladjustment existed between farm and non-farm prices, and because the collapse of their foreign market had raised the carry-overs of the great export crops to two or three times the normal. There was no time then to take long views; it was necessary to act at once.

The federal government revalued gold, fostered crop adjustments, relieved farm debt and supported the buying power of consumers. As a result, agriculture came into a better balance with the rest of the economic system. By 1935 farmers' receipts from sales, plus A.A.A. payments, had risen 81 percent above the cash farm income of 1932, the farm surpluses had declined to manageable proportions and the farm crisis seemed to be over. We could draw breath and look about us.

For the next four years agriculture will be mainly interested in consolidating the improvement. Farm recovery has gone hand in hand with urban recovery. It has been demonstrated that true farm welfare and the general welfare are inseparable. Agriculture can get and keep a fair share of the national income only when the national income increases, and quarreling over a reduced total is a game which it always loses. Therefore the job now is to establish good relations between town and country, with adequate incentives for both industry and agriculture to work toward a balanced abundance.

After the World War farm leaders raised the slogan "Equality for Agriculture," because agriculture was not holding its own in the battle for special advantages. Farmers strove to counteract the situation. They realize, however, that the better way is for business, labor and agriculture to coöperate in measures broadly conceived for the general welfare. In the years just ahead it is not too much to expect that farmers and other groups will show more awareness of their common interests. That is the only way to preserve the gains made since 1933.

Our national goal should be increased production of useful and necessary things at prices within the reach of consumers, yet high enough to maintain the continuity of production. Needless to say, it should include care for our remaining natural resources. There is nothing in this formula to which agriculture can object; for production is the farmer's watchword, from which he never departs without reluctance.

Farm prosperity, however, is impossible without an adjustment of the output to the demand. It is absurd to declare, as many people do, that farmers should produce, without thinking about the reward, as long as anyone needs their products. Farmers cannot be the nation's alms-givers; they cannot be the only group to disregard the profit motive. They must adjust their production to the market, on pain of bankruptcy; they can keep their production continually rising only when the market continually expands. Farm production stands in a necessary relation to non-farm production. Agriculture can safely increase its production by keeping in step with industry, but not otherwise.

Certain developments, notably the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Hoosac Mills case, obliged agriculture to seek other means than those adopted after 1933 for keeping its production in balance with non-farm production. Farmers under the Triple A sought to limit their production for export, which was excessive. They cannot yet go back to unlimited production, because the foreign market is still depressed. Fortunately, they can curb production somewhat by means which at the same time deal with another agricultural problem.

Soil Conservation and Erosion Control

This country is laggard in care for the soil. When the frontier was open, and worn-out land could be exchanged for new, it got into bad habits of forest devastation, overcropping, destructive grazing and soil mining. Soil won from the frontier began to blow away in dust storms, and to wash into the sea. Ill fares the land, said Goldsmith, when men decay. He might as well have said ill fare the men when land decays; for when the land deteriorates the men on it deteriorate too. As one means of prevention, acreage may be shifted from soil-depleting to soil-conserving crops. Besides conserving soil wealth, the shift incidentally checks overproduction; and action started to that end under the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act will undoubtedly be continued.

Soil conservation should be valued, however, primarily for itself rather than for the indirect effect it may have on the volume of production. Neglect

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of the soil, besides threatening an irrecoverable loss, counteracts technical progress. It is poor economy to develop better crops and livestock, and to combat agricultural pests and diseases, if soil wastage undoes the effect. Studies in Ohio revealed that during the last sixty years the adoption of better varieties, better seed and scientific methods for the control of insect and plant pests merely balanced the down-trend in the productivity of the soil. Half a century of applied science showed no net gain. If farmers abuse the land, the country may turn against them. It may say agriculture needs better farming rather than better prices; and though that may not be wholly true, it will sound plausible.

Agricultural policy in the next four years cannot stop, however, with soil conservation. It is well to protect the soil, to reduce the costs of production, and to rearrange the cropping system; in fact it is indispensable to do these things. But they are not enough. Erosion control not only protects the soil, but makes it more productive; taking some land out of the intensive crops may make production more intensive on the remaining acreage. After a few years, the efforts of farmers to save and build up their land will have the same effect on production that other kinds of technical progress usually have. Less land and less labor will be required to produce a given output; and unless the farmers adjust their acreage accordingly, the advantage of the new soil technique will pass entirely to the consumers. In short, there is still a problem of adjusting the supply to the demand. This country has recently experienced two great droughts, and it clearly needs protection against lean as well as against fat years. But full production on all the land in farms means overproduction.

The Need for Crop Insurance

Essentially, of course, the alternations of production, with gluts following shortages, pose a single problem, with which science and organization may eventually be competent to deal. Producers and consumers have a common interest in maintaining an even flow of products to the market. Unevenness in the flow leads to wide fluctuations not only in prices but in crop planting and livestock breeding. Fluctuations in yields cause as much embarrassment as unbalanced acreage. Many a farmer lost his entire crop in the recent droughts, and the ensuing higher prices did him no good. Crop failures create a problem that should be met by crop insurance. If crop insurance can be combined with the ever normal granary, the country will have some protection against both shortages and widely fluctuating prices.

By this time the idea of the ever normal granary is well known, and I will not go into it in detail. When we produced heavily for export, the carry-overs of the export crops did not need to be very large. It was simply necessary in years of small production to keep more of the production at home; in other words, to reduce the exports. But now that we export far less, the former automatic safeguard no longer functions. We have to plan for the lean years, and to level off the amount that farmers tend to place on the market from one year to the next. Storing part of the production in surplus years, and releasing supplies from storage in years of small production, would be keeping an ever normal granary. Crop insurance could be provided by letting farmers pay premiums in kind; that is, by letting them turn over part of their production in surplus years for storage.

Without regarding this plan as a panacea for undue swings in production and prices, I think it might prove a help. Probably the government would have to assist. But government crop insurance should be offered only to farmers who coöperate in the soil-conservation program, and it might prove necessary eventually to link the scheme with stipulations for the control of production. Several big crops could pile up large supplies in storage. Some deterrent against continued large production would be indispensable, because storage would stabilize the market and tend to keep production up. Private business insures against catastrophes. Why should not agriculture do the same? But yields only should be insured; not prices. Previous attempts at crop insurance have failed, because they included price insurance.

Insurance is not an innovation for the federal government. The A.A.A. programs contained a measure of crop insurance. Also the federal government has insured bank deposits, loans for financing the construction and repair of houses, and the lives of World War veterans. It is beginning to provide unemployment insurance and old-age annuities. Crop insurance with government assistance would furnish to agriculture help similar to that now made available by the government to other groups under the Social Security Act. At present farmers cannot obtain all-risk crop insurance, private attempts to furnish it having failed; and the government seems better able than private enterprise to carry out the venture on a sufficiently large scale. But crop insurance must not benefit the shiftless at the expense of the thrifty, or the poor land at the expense of the good.

The Tenant Farmer Problem

Another urgent problem has to do with farm tenure; that is, with the relationship of the man to the land. This is fundamental in any society. In our period of the open frontier, when land was plentiful and population sparse, the path to farm ownership was easy, and the dominant feature of the land-tenure system was owner-operation. No one had to work long for another, either as laborer or tenant, if he cared to set up in farming for himself. There was good land to be had free, or at a very low price. But as the country filled up, and the good free or cheap land disappeared, newcomers had to

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apply for land to those who had preceded them. They had to become tenants, or to buy farms on terms entitling the former owners to a large share of the earnings for a long time. Eventually even these expedients became difficult or hazardous. More people wanted to rent land than could get it, and would-be purchasers had to assume heavy fixed charges. Suddenly we discovered that we had a large army of landless farm people, for whose welfare and security we had made little or no provision.

Farm tenancy is increasing so rapidly in the United States that it foreshadows radical changes in our tenure system. In the half-century from 1880 to 1930 the number of farm tenants more than doubled. Among each 1,000 farmers the number of tenants increased 66 percent. In 1930 more than 40 percent of the farmers rented all the land they farmed, and an additional 10 percent rented part of their land. In many counties of the South more than half the farmers were tenants. The farm census of 1935 reported about 2,855,000 tenant farmers, whose families aggregated 12,500,000 people. Between 1930 and 1935 the percentage increased significantly in many states and greatly in some, and the total number of tenant farmers reported by the 1935 census was the largest in the history of the country. Something should be done to moderate the trend; for tenancy produces serious evils, not the least among them being disregard for the soil. Something should be done also to improve the conditions of tenancy, so that tenants will have more interest in good farming and more incentive to coöperate in measures for the conservation of natural resources.

We cannot condemn tenancy as wholly and necessarily bad in itself. It arises inevitably as the competition for land increases, at any rate in a social system based on the private ownership of natural resources. But whether it does more harm than good depends on the manner in which it develops, and on the extent to which land-tenure practices acknowledge the rights of the tenant as well as those of the landlord. Tenancy may help farmers of limited capital to become farm owners; in fact in the United States it has generally done so. In some of the better farming states the tenants have considerable working capital and could buy land if they so desired. Tenancy is not prevalent in certain poor farm areas, because the farms there usually will not support both an owner and a tenant. There is no blanket rule by which we can exalt or condemn the typical forms of American land tenure. One thing, however, we know. Without a stable and continuous association with the land, farm operators have small incentive to protect the soil, or to build up desirable forms of community life.

In some areas tenants should be assisted to become owners, provided they can be protected against land speculation and other hazards. Yet heavy land buying for this purpose might boost land values and defeat its object. Much might be done to improve leasing agreements. Tenancy in the United States has developed very differently from tenancy in some other countries, probably because in this country rights of private ownership have been considered virtually absolute, and until recently have been very little regulated in the public interest. Few of our tenant farmers, except those who occupy the farms of relatives, can be sure of keeping their farms for longer than the period covered by the lease, which is generally for only one crop year. They have no property in any of the improvements which they may make. Other countries give tenants more security of tenure, and require landlords to compensate them for unexhausted improvements. We should do the same.

Farm Income vs. the National Income

But what we do about tenancy in the next four years, like what we do about other farm problems, will depend on the size of the farm income. With the total income rising, it will be less difficult to adjust the somewhat divergent interests of landlords and tenants. Likewise, it will be easier to get farmer coöperation in soil care and to develop safeguards against overproduction. In estimating the prospects for the farm income, the most basic factor is the level of consumer buying power—in other words the national income. Farm income varies more closely with that than with farm-commodity prices; moreover, a rising national income, since it implies activity in business and manufacturing, tends to prevent the overmanning of the land, and that too is favorable for agriculture. In August last, the money income of the non-farm population was 13 percent higher than in the same month of 1935, and 32 percent higher than in August, 1933. Probably 1937 will record a further gain. Industry still has arrears of production to make up, and its activity will benefit agriculture. In the relatively favorable conditions that promise to develop we ought to make progress in dealing with numerous vital problems.

About the foreign market less can be said with confidence. Farm products shared in the increase that took place in our foreign trade last year; yet the exports were far below the levels maintained from 1920 to 1929. The crop reductions due to the 1934 drought were a factor, but restrictions on international trade, and increased foreign competition, were influential too. Agriculture is beginning to benefit from agreements under the Reciprocal Tariff Act. However, the countries with which agreements have been concluded take only about a quarter of our agricultural exports, and a full test of the reciprocal-agreement plan must await the conclusion of agreements with the major importing countries. American agriculture will face another crisis when its production returns to normal, unless the foreign market recovers vigorously; for normally it depends on the foreign as well as the domestic market, and without an active foreign trade its products are bound to slump in price at home. When what should go out stays in, practically

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everything that is produced shows a loss, the crops intended for consumption domestically along with those grown for export. This is fundamental if familiar; we cannot afford to forget it. For the moment agriculture has no protection against another overproduction crisis.

But the same thing may be said of our economy as a whole. It is emerging from one depression without building adequate safeguards against another. Agriculture enters 1937 with everything set for large production, and industry likewise has the brakes off. This is what we call recovery. After the pains of crop limitation and unemployment, it feels good. Nowadays, however, the cycle from boom to depression is rapid, and the expansion is briefer than the contraction. Production outruns consumption. We have developed no remedy. One oft-tried method does not work. It seeks to balance production with consumption by continually expanding the number of consumers. It promotes one-way foreign trade so that low consumption at home may be eked out by consumption abroad. But exports cannot run ahead of imports indefinitely.

There is another way. Production may be balanced with consumption on a rising scale by raising domestic consumption per capita. This method has been experimented with under the New Deal, but it has not yet become an accepted principle of the national polity. As things are shaping now we shall shortly have surplus production again in both fields and factories. We shall have to choose among three alternatives: (1) to reduce production and employment; (2) to export the surplus without importing an equivalent; or (3) to consume it domestically or an imported equivalent through a fair distribution of the national income. HENRY A. WALLACE.

On the Catalonian Front

Catalonia is now assuming the great importance in the Spanish situation that well informed observers have from the first predicted it would. Catalonian troops a fortnight ago came to the aid of the beleaguered government of Madrid in effective fashion. It is believed probable that should the rebels be successful elsewhere, the loyalists might center their defense in Catalonia, where they can hold out almost indefinitely. The New Republic presents below an article on the situation in Catalonia itself, by a young British correspondent who is serving as a volunteer with the loyal Catalonian forces, and has been temporarily in England on sick leave.—THE EDITORS.

WHAT ARE the forces at the disposal of the fascists in the Catalan area? Of the regular army of 116,000 officers and men, perhaps 60 to 70 percent is still with the fascists. About 10 percent is with the republic. The rest have disappeared, returned to civil life. But, at least on the Aragon front, these troops are not reliable. In the fascist army they have to be forced into action by battle police; they are already incapable of attacking, and at least one deserter I talked to declared that such was the fear of mutiny that in the Saragossa barracks no groups of more than three are allowed to disarm together. In front of Huesca I saw a hundred deserters from the besieged hill town of Sietamo. What was impressive was not that they had deserted—hunger alone might have been responsible for that—but the way they did it. They brought their rifles and ammunition, all the rifles of another company, two machine guns and an officer prisoner. I don't think any political work had been done among them; their chief motives were hatred of their officers, unwillingness to fight fellow Catalans and the terrible psychological strain of feeling the whole people against them.

Far more formidable than these fascist troops are the foreign legion, 30,000 strong, and about 10,000 Moors, already in action. These are real soldiers—brave, cruel and very difficult to win over, completely declassed. It was the foreign-legion troops who were responsible for the capture of Irun. There are none of them yet on the Aragon front. If Bilbao falls and they can reach this front, the loyalist position will be very serious.

There are also armed fascist formations, the Phalangists and the Popular Action, who will on occasion fight viciously enough on the defensive but are more at home in their role of battle police. The Carlists in the north, however, are brave and disciplined troops, almost as formidable as the foreign legion. Political divisions are reported, how accurately I cannot confirm, among the different factions.

Finally the conscripts, at least on the Aragon front, are utterly useless: it is dangerous to arm them and they desert at the first opportunity.

It is probably true, of course, that on the Aragon front the rebel troops are at their worst. They have lost the initiative, they are incapable of an offensive, and they are simply covering the offensive on Madrid. None of the best troops are on this front. None the less, reports from all fronts confirm the fact that without immense foreign supplies of money and arms, the rebel forces will be in a state of disintegration quite early this winter.

Of the republican forces, I can only write of those on the Aragon front. Of the regular army, two sections remained predominantly loyal: the aircraft and the artillery. In both cases, the initiative came from the lower officers. In the technology of

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those two services, the lower officers were often better trained than the higher. Furthermore, aircraft and artillery require more technicians and could not be used as dumping grounds for useless officers, as was so often done in infantry regiments, where the proportion of officers to men in the Spanish army was nearly twice as high as in the French.

The police, the Guardia de Asalto, has remained almost solidly loyal. It is not a very effective force, although it contains a good many unemployed workers who have taken it as the only possible job, and has more links with the working class than the army. At least these storm troops know how to handle a rifle.

The Government Forces

The Civil Guard are the best soldiers in Spain. They were trained by Primo de Rivera as a special fascist force, and lived under puritanically strict discipline. But Primo did his job too well. He had drilled them into such absolute loyalty to the government that the majority remained loyal to the republic after July 19. But not without hesitation. In Barcelona they came out of their barracks to join the government forces only when the fight was already won. Thus, the old Civil Guard has been dissolved and reorganized as the National Republican Guard. It is yet to be seen how they will fight at the front.

But of course the real forces are the workers' anti-fascist militia. Up to the present they have done practically all the fighting on the Aragon front. They are organized in columns by the different political parties—all of which send representatives to the militia. The unit of organization is the century, with a century leader, divided into three sections of thirty, each with a section leader, each section divided into three groups of ten, each with a group leader. There are big difficulties in the transformation of the militia into a 100-percent effective force. Their courage is amazing, but on this front they are not yet well enough organized to attack without heavy losses. There are some workers with experience in street fighting, some who have been trained in political fighting organizations: but the number who have evaded military service is incredibly high. It is an army of anti-militarists. With the shortage of ammunition, it is difficult to get enough rifle practice, and many must go into battle without being able to shoot accurately. Of the different parties the Communist-Socialist P.S.U.C. militia are far the best organized; Durruti has done something to teach his men "organized indiscipline"; the semi-Trotskyist P.O.U.M. is very badly organized.

At the moment, food, transport and medical services are well organized. How they would stand the strain of a prolonged offensive I do not know. But in the present routine of the deadlock they are doing their jobs well—and lorry drivers and doctors are worked far harder than anyone else at the front. Pay is good: every militiaman gets ten pesetas a day (worth $17.50 a week at Spanish prices): the money is raised at the factory where the worker was employed, and paid over to his dependents. There is no reason why this should not be continued for a very long time, particularly as the factories become more efficient.

The front stretches right through Aragon, with the key towns, Jaca, Huesca, Saragossa, Terruel, in the hands of the rebels. The nature of the front is a string of villages and towns occupied by the militia with a network of outposts holding the hills in the foreground. The front is so long that neither side can maintain a second line of defense. It is open warfare for the possession of villages and towns. So far the operations have been mainly confined to capturing village after village, driving the rebels right back on to the crucial line, the lateral railway that connects the four main towns on the front.

But why is it that, in spite of the superior morale, in spite of the fact that the rebels' best troops are not on this front, no decisive break through has been achieved? This is an important question, for a break-through here would do more than anything else to relieve the pressure on Madrid. The answer is simple. These four towns control the mountain passes. It is impossible to go past them—a tactic often used before strong fortresses in the Russian civil war—because of the mountains, high, waterless, making transport impossible. And it is impossible to take these towns, with perhaps the exception of Huesca, without heavy artillery and aircraft: or at least it is possible only with hideous losses and at the risk of heavy defeat. And neutrality until now has denied the anti-fascist forces the arms that could crumble the Aragon front in a matter of days.

Everywhere the position is the same: the Alcazar at Toledo held out for nine weeks, when a heavy bombardment could have made it enterable in a few days; 40,000 miners, the bravest troops on the government side, are held up by a small garrison in Oviedo for the same reason; Granada and Cordova hold out because they cannot be bombarded. Supplies are pouring in to the rebels from Italy and Germany. The Seville airport is filled with Nazi and Italian pilots. Even on the Aragon front, where the rebels are entirely on the defensive and seldom receive major shipments of supplies, four Junker bombers have been operating all September. And meanwhile the militia have not even enough ammunition for proper rifle practice.

Could the Fascists Hold Spain?

I do not think the fascists will ever succeed in subduing Spain: to do so they would have to wipe out a third of the population—which the Badajoz massacre shows they are ready to do. But the policy of neutrality will prolong for months and even years a war that could speedily be ended. If Madrid falls, though that will not end the war, it will en-

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able the fascists to set up a so-called government that could openly be helped by the fascist powers.

On the loyalist side there are, of course, organizational weaknesses at the front. A brand-new army cannot be perfectly organized in a few days. There is a real shortage of intermediate officers, heads of sections and groups with the necessary experience and authority. Thus military training proceeds under difficulties. Not all opportunities of conducting the war in an aggressive guerilla way—raids, bombing parties, attacks on communications, etc.—are being taken. But time and experience will bring about the necessary reorganization. The example of discipline that the P.S.U.C. militia are beginning to set will have its effect. But reorganization alone will not be sufficient to bring the war to a rapid end. Artillery and aircraft are needed.

The Peasants

In the countryside, support for the anti-fascist struggle is almost complete. The big proprietors have everywhere deserted to the fascists. Everywhere the peasants have elected committees of the people to administer the abandoned estates and machinery. Rents are wiped out. The land is distributed by the committee, but the machines are used in common: at Sarinena, about ten miles from Huesca, I saw four of the confiscated threshing machines being worked. Each peasant brought his grain in turn, and they all worked the machines together. In the same town I saw a huge bonfire of title-deeds in the Market Square.

Rumors of all this must have reached behind the fascist lines. Nothing the fascists can promise, no threats, no atrocity stories, can keep the peasants in subjection. When Grossi's column occupied the little village of Lucueña, seven miles north of Saragossa, they found that even here, where no working-class organization of any description existed, the fascists had killed four peasants to "maintain order." One of the things I remember most vividly is how, when we marched into Tierz, three miles from Huesca, in spite of the fact that they had been deluged with stories of rape and atrocity by the retreating fascists, the villagers came out into the Market Square to welcome us, and took us off to their houses where they had ready prepared meals and beds in the straw. In one village we passed through, the people's committee had taken a voluntary decision to continue paying their normal rents—to the militia. The initiative shown by these committees has simplified extraordinarily the problem of obtaining supplies. The committees have mobilized enormous quantities of meat and vegetables; thus the need to requisition supplies, which inevitably makes an army disliked, has been greatly reduced. A minor point, yet one that showed most clearly which side the peasantry's sympathies were on, was the calmness and discipline which all the men and nearly all the women showed during air attacks and bombardments. The peasantry have tasted freedom. Even if the fascist forces should succeed in forcing their way farther into Aragon or into Catalonia they will leave a very formidable enemy in the rear.

John Cornford.

The Bankruptcy of the Labor Party

In recent weeks American citizens can have had little leisure to concern themselves with English affairs. None the less, in this island things are happening that must determine its future and that of Europe. Last month at Edinburgh the Labor Party held the most disastrous annual conference in its history. Its moral bankruptcy is apparent not merely to its opponents, but to its own adherents also. It is hopelessly divided: its leaders have lost the respect of the ranks: it has no policy on which it can advance: it is impotent even as an opposition. As an effective political force it has ceased to exist, and nothing survives save the machine which it uses to crush all that still lives within it. It could not in this condition form an alternative government, and the hope has vanished that it may win a majority in the next or any early election. It is collapsing partly because it does not know how to confront the dangers and perplexities of the European crisis, and partly because its leaders are morally and intellectually unfit for their task. It might before now have found its own soul, were it not that it is cursed with a constitution that defeats democracy. A revolt is possible that may reform it from below, but such changes demand time and put a party out of action until they are completed. The conclusion follows that for some years to come the destinies of England will remain in Tory hands. Under Tory guidance England will do nothing to check the advance of fascism in Europe.

What, then, happened at Edinburgh? The conference had four main issues before it—rearmament, the Spanish crisis, the "united front" and the future of the Youth Movement. Distinct as these questions may seem, they have an intimate connection, and the conduct of the triumphant "machine" was consistent throughout.

Rather late in the day, but at last on a great scale, the British government is rearming. A boom is in consequence beginning in heavy industry and engineering, which spreads perceptibly to other trades. The workers have their modest share in this reviving prosperity, and the leaders of the labor unions seek to further it. In public speeches

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Sir Walter Citrine (the secretary, and in effect the responsible leader of the Trade Union Congress) has talked in the mood of 1914, manifestly eager to rally behind the government in a great patriotic effort to promote rearmament and stimulate recruiting—of course in defense of democracy and the League.

The awkward issue for the parliamentary party turns on its vote for or against the appropriations for rearmament. Last session it still voted against them, though with some defections. At once the government retorted: "You call for a strong League policy. You wished at some risk to oppose Mussolini over Ethiopia. You make valiant speeches against Hitler. Yet when we propose to arm in the cause of 'collective security' and democracy, you vote against us. Where is your logic or your honesty?" To this the Right and the trade unions had no answer, largely because they perceive the industrial advantages of this course. They proposed, therefore, to "revise" the Party's attitude on rearmament and to vote for the appropriations, while still talking in the orthodox Genevan dialect.

There are two good answers to all this. A liberal may say, effectively enough: "We do not trust this government with arms. It and its predecessors helped to make the peril we are now in, by the Versailles peace, by the sabotage of the League, by dishonesty at the Disarmament Conference, by pro-Japanese sympathies in the Manchurian affair and above all by treachery over Ethiopia. The possession of more tanks and bombers will alter nothing in its conduct. We mean to oppose it by every means in our power, until we can put a government in its place that will keep faith with democracy and the League." This is the attitude of the main body of the party, which looks, though with no great enthusiasm, on Herbert Morrison as its leader. He has become of late more realistic about the Genevan League. It refuses to arm this government of the propertied class. It points out that even if such a government were for its own reasons to fight Hitler, it would make an imperialist peace. It sees in Europe today the first stages of an international class war, and refuses to enter it under the leadership of a capitalist government.

Finally there is a minority, negligible in numbers, which follows that noble veteran, George Lansbury, in his uncompromising pacifism.

The reader will see the appalling difficulties of this discussion. The average man in this island feels himself in danger, as he watches the swelling armaments of the fascist powers. He may agree that part of the blame rests on the Simons, the Hoares and the Baldwins. But dare Englishmen neglect their armaments on that account? Does not common sense bid them arm? When safety is assured, perhaps policy can be modified and the government changed. If Labor hopes for power, a few years hence, will it not be fortunate if it inherits a better defensive machine? This average man, even if he is a worker, listens in bewilderment to the Marxist arguments of the Left. He does not really believe, though Disraeli said it before Marx, that there are "two nations" in England. He shudders at the mention of class war; even if there is one, he hopes to keep out of it, for he grew up in the belief that England is an island. None the less he has his instincts, and he is sore and angry over Spain.

The result of these divisions and of this muddled thinking was that the Executive of the Party produced at Edinburgh a completely meaningless resolution on rearmament. It was not even skillfully ambiguous. It was a confused mixture of all the conflicting points of view, and no one, however often he read it and parsed it and analyzed it, could say whether it meant "vote for" or "against" or "abstain." On the main question of the day, on which hang the lives of its young men and the future of Europe, the Labor Party could only stammer.

The second big issue of policy was simpler, less involved in theoretical perplexity, closer to the feelings of the normal man. Over Spain the Executive followed the government, and supported its treacherous policy of one-sided neutrality. The government, however, takes the view that this (as Sir Samuel Hoare put it) is a struggle of "two factions" which "in no way concerns" Englishmen. No Labor Party, however nominal its socialism may be, could take that line. Even the trade unions have voted money for medical aid to the Spanish militia. The Party in its official statements went further. It was prodigal in its "sympathy" and "admiration." It even affirmed the right of the Madrid government to buy arms abroad for the defense of democracy. None the less, because it feared a European war, it agreed to lay an embargo impartially on both sides. Once again it trusted the government, as it had done in the Ethiopian affair.

Halfway through this painful week, after this decisive vote had been cast, two Spanish comrades were allowed to address the Conference. They spoke well, one of them in fluent English, the other in persuasive French. They stated the facts about this one-sided neutrality. They moved the delegates to anger and shame and sympathy. The result, however, was only one more proof of the curiously parasitic attitude of this working-class party towards the government of the propertied class. Two members of the Executive were sent to "appeal" to Downing Street, and to ask that institution whether the embargo really was working fairly. They brought back the expected assurances. Some little progress was, however, registered in a final resolution, which did say, though in muddled and illogical language, that the facts must be investigated, and that if the embargo cannot be applied equally, it must be lifted from the Madrid government. May I add here my own view in plain words? The British government, which has its consuls and naval officers on the spot, knows the facts perfectly well. It is not neutral. It may not admire the par-

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ticularly benighted brand of clerical reaction that prevails in Spain, but if it must choose, it would rather see Franco victorious than a republic resting on the votes and rifles of workers. It acts accordingly.

The two remaining issues may be of small interest to the outside world, but they affect the Party deeply. The trade-union card votes enabled the Executive to reject the offer of the Communist Party to affiliate, though it promised to obey the constitution. No more in England than in the United States are Communists easy bedfellows, even in their present phase of moderation. Their 11,000 members would add little to the numerical strength of the Labor Party, which counts its adherents in millions. Their entry would scare away the possible Liberal convert. The Executive, like all machine-politicians, dislikes the independent critic. On the other hand, the zeal of this little group, its courage and its amazing capacity for hard work, would give new force to a far from virile party, while the new sense that working-class unity had been won would mean much in confidence and something even in votes. The Youth Movement, because it has displayed a mind of its own with marked leftward tendencies, was crushed out of existence. Its organization was dissolved and will be reformed under the gag of the "bosses." But where are the young men who will rally to this cowardly yet oppressive party?

How has a party that once had courage and faith come to this pass? First, the treason of Mr. MacDonald bred a distrust of leaders, and also of "intellectuals." Henceforth it would go its way, with the minimum of leadership, trusting itself. After the resignation of George Lansbury, who has both personality and faith, the parliamentary party chose in his place Clement Attlee, who has neither. Honesty and intelligence he possesses, but his stature is not that of a leader. He is merely an indifferent chairman. Then does the rank and file control the Party? It cannot do so. This federal organization consists of the socialist societies, the local constituency parties, the women's section and finally the trade unions. All the political work of the party is done by the former groups. They organize: they speak: they do the thinking and write the leaflets. But at conferences, alike in deciding policy and in electing the Executive, they are overwhelmed by the trade-union block vote. This is cast often by the secretary of the Union, without discussion or instruction. Notoriously this happened at Edinburgh. It may chance that the whole conference (socialist societies, local parties, the women and some smaller unions) votes one way, but four "bosses," controlling the votes of absentee masses who have not seen the resolution or heard the debate, can still get their way. A division so sharp as this is rare, but it can happen, and actually did happen over rearmament and Spain at Edinburgh. The Party, then, by throwing over leaders has not achieved democracy. But under the curse of this constitution, change is difficult save by way of revolt. That is coming, is in fact being organized: but even with good leadership the outlook is uncertain. Another handicap is that this party has no free press. The Daily Herald, with its imposing mass circulation, is an ordinary commercial venture, which in its political columns is an obedient tool of the Executive.

Is there no way out? What of a people's front on the French model? It is certainly not an early possibility, since the leaders both of the Labor and Liberal Parties are resolutely against it. What the right wing of Labor really wants to do is to line up in a patriotic rally behind the National Government. It is for *union sacrée* not *Front Populaire*. Again, an alliance of this kind is hardly feasible without either the second ballot or proportional representation. Finally, who would lead? The man of destiny is Mr. Lloyd George, the architect of the Versailles peace, who is today the hottest of Hitler's partisans. Out of two ineffective and lifeless parties, could one create a hybrid that would live? The thing is impossible, even if the Communists were within this coalition, to endow it with spirit against its will. If this observer dares to hope, it is first for a revolt from the ranks within the Labor Party, and after that for a united front with the Communists. Once there exists a militant working class, it may attract to itself some of the Liberals of the Left. But long years will pass before any combination of the Left can dream of power. A Tory England faces a Continent over which the dictators reign, because they possess what the Left lacks—unity, audacity, the will to take a risk.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Hawk Is a Woman

I saw a hawk devour a screaming bird,
Devour the little ounce sugared with song.
First bent and ate the pretty eyes both out,
One eye and twice, stooping to taste the pang.
And then her dripping tongue she cleaned and then
Into the winsome breast she plied her beak,
Took at a gulp the rosy heart, a pinch
Of too great innocence, drank the whole lark
Down, the inmost blood down, licked the lark down
With vicious dainty pick, oh the damned thief!
To break! into the beating bird! and tear
The veins out, out the joy, flesh out of life.
May hawk be hawked upon, I say,
May she be spied and nailed upon the ground
And feel herself divided and devoured
To ease the gullet of some casual fiend.
She, she! before her agony lapse quite,
Before her breast is eaten to her back,
May she, the very she, may that hawk hear
The ugly female laughter of a hawk.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER.

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Dear William Randolph

I HOPE you will not mind, Mr. Hearst, if I write you this open letter, of a sort in which you yourself have indulged many times in the past. If I speak out vigorously, it is because you also are a vigorous, plain-speaking person, and I am sure you can take it. Should you require a personal contact to justify my procedure, may I remind you that some time ago you were kind enough to offer me a job, suggesting that I begin at the bottom (twice the salary I was then receiving) and work up (with a guaranteed increase of $1,000 in each of the next five years).

One reason among several for declining your offer was the gentleman who acted as your emissary. He is dead now, so there is no harm in my mentioning that he had borne an honored name in American journalism for a generation, before he went to work for you. As he assured me that your employees enjoy complete freedom, it seemed to me that I had never seen a man more ridden by some secret devil of fear; when he moved his arms, I heard the ghostly handcuffs clinking. It was not on this occasion but another that he told me again of the editorial immunity he enjoyed and then thrust upon me a manuscript he had written, asking me to publish it anonymously in a journal with which I was then connected, because he feared it would be "misunderstood" in the Hearst periodicals to which he contributed. There was no laughter connected with this incident.

My immediate purpose, Mr. Hearst, is to suggest that you retire from active journalism. You are an elderly man, and you have not many years left (all newspaper men wear themselves out by working too hard). Why not turn over the reins to someone else and enjoy the sunset years? You might relax and travel a little, look at the world's masterpieces of art and perhaps even buy a few.

My advice is probably good, even from the narrowest business point of view. As you perhaps know, some time since a group of experts in the valuation of publishing properties made a report on the probable length of time that your great empire would survive your demise. The figure they arrived at was ten years. This was partly because they assumed you would be active until the last possible moment and would leave behind you a scene of confusion with various satraps carrying on bloody civil wars for control. If you would now retire, this interim of chaos could go on under your own remote and absent-minded eye, and the shock could be somewhat cushioned.

There is another reason for your retirement which will doubtless be hard for you to accept. Things are going rather badly for your daily newspapers, which have always been the heart of the enterprise so far as you are concerned. In the past few months, one of your papers has declined by 39,000 readers, another by 10,000, another by 8,000, another by 5,000. Competitors of these journals have in the same period gained hugely, in two cases by 100,000 or more. Even in cities where your papers have shown slight gains, their competitors have run away from them by many thousands. It was not like this in the old days.

In advertising revenue, also, your papers have not been doing so well, according to the October figures, the latest available. With the return of prosperity, most of them naturally show gains; but in many cities there is a terrific discrepancy between your gains and those of your competitors. In New York, one of your papers lost 69,000 lines of advertising in October, 1936, as compared with a year ago. Another gained, but a competitor gained six and three-quarter times as much. In Chicago, a competitor beat you six times over; in Boston, nine times; in San Francisco each of two other papers ran ahead 475 percent: in Oakland, the rival's gain exceeded yours by 50 percent; in Washington, by 42 percent; in Detroit, by 46 percent; in Milwaukee, by more than 500 percent; in Pittsburgh, by 31 percent.

Your newsreel has also been having an unhappy time. Faced by almost universal disapprobation, you have been obliged to take your name off it and call it simply "News of the Day." That must have hurt.

Another problem that is coming to be serious for you is the fact that no self-respecting young man or woman, coming into journalism, will possibly work for you if he can get a job anywhere else. Time was when you paid top salaries and drew men by doing so; but this is no longer true. You would be shocked, I am sure, if you could find out how many people on your payroll are out of sympathy with your policies and are only marking time until they can find another berth. Newspapers live on brains, and need a fresh supply. Think how long it has been since any Hearst journal has pioneered an important innovation that is widely copied, as your successive brilliant ideas were copied at the turn of the century. Many of your executives cling to their jobs through fear and not through loyalty. The fear is well grounded, since as everyone knows there is a deep prejudice throughout the publishing world against hiring an ex-Hearst man. The deterioration in your employees is as astonishing as is the similar deterioration among the famous writers whom you lure into your slick-paper, slick-thinking magazines, hardly any of whom, by any possible chance, thereafter do any good work.

I understand from persons close to you that you recognize your present unpopularity but regard it as a passing matter. I am told you believe that the contemporary anti-Hearst agitation is all the work of radicals, that you consider all radicals to be Jews and practically all Jews to be radicals. I am sure you will find all these hypotheses to be in error. One important thing with which you have failed to reckon is the American spirit of fair play. Your attacks on President Roosevelt in this year's campaign set a world's low record for unfairness. You assume

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that the public has no memory and that after your turning a somersault on the day following the election and suddenly finding in the President unsuspected Jacksonian virtues, your acts could be forgiven and forgotten. It is true that the public memory is short, and your segment of it shortest of all; but it is not that brief.

A special problem for you has been created by your present attitude toward union labor. In the past, your heaviest circulation has been among urban, unionized workers and you formerly sought to give an impression that you favored their cause. When, however, your own reporters and editors tried to improve their condition by forming a perfectly legal and orthodox trade union, you fought them hoof and claw. You pretended of course that liberty of the press was imperiled; but there was not one occasion to which you could point when that liberty was infringed to the faintest degree by the American Newspaper Guild. You fired men for joining the organization and for participating in standard union demands for better wages and hours. It is hard to resist a conclusion that you are in favor of trade unions when they are already strong and can beat you in fair fight, but opposed to them when you think they are crushable.

Meanwhile, your campaign against the President, your sending spies into the colleges to terrorize the teachers, your miscellaneous cruel and absurd Red-hunting, your obvious inability to persuade your readers to vote as you advised them—all these things have injured not merely your prestige but that of journalism as a whole. Twenty periodicals, not all of them by any means on the liberal side, have asked in recent weeks why daily journalism is so discredited, whether its one-time influence is not passing to the radio, to weekly and monthly magazines, to the lecture platform. For this dismaying development, your fellow publishers have you mainly to thank.

I recognize of course that your whole journalistic enterprise could be wiped out and you would still be a very rich man, with your mines, your ranches, your oil wells, your ramified investments. But your first love was journalism, and it always will be. It would be a sad day for you if no periodical any longer bore your name. And therefore I suggest that you now retire. Competent experts inside your organization and out of it believe that it is your personal policies, your personal contributions, that are holding back the Hearst press. If you would but give them a free hand, there are still some able men in your entourage who would gladly produce a more respectable, a more literate and a fairer-minded type of journalism. True, you would be quitting under fire; but the longer you postpone the decision, the hotter the fire will become. Retire now to San Simeon, and as you gaze westward toward the sun, you can be consoled by repeating a phrase you may possibly have already heard: "I used to be a newspaperman myself."

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Washington Notes

The T.V.A. Makes Some Experiments—From Clover to Refrigeration—New Uses for Electricity—Social Planning and the T.V.A.

THE T.V.A. is one New Deal agency that has consistently dodged publicity. While it has not exactly hidden its electric light under a bushel, it has done as little talking as possible. Besides its main job of lowering electric-power rates, it has conducted extraordinarily interesting experiments in agricultural and business techniques.

Its fertilizer experiments are perhaps the most important. You will recall that Wilson Dam was built during the World War to supply nitrates to the munitions industry. In the long controversy over its disposition afterwards, it was always assumed that it would be used to manufacture nitrates for fertilizer. The T.V.A. scrapped this official program without ceremony, and embarked on a course of its own. Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan, the agricultural expert of the T.V.A. directorate, is a devoted soil-conservationist. He wanted to persuade Tennessee Valley farmers to grow legumes as a cover crop to prevent erosion. It happens that legumes absorb nitrogen from the air and transmit it to the soil. Fields that have legumes do not need nitrates as fertilizer. So the T.V.A. decided to forget about nitrates, and to find a fertilizer that would give farmers an incentive to plant legumes.

T.V.A. chemists developed a fertilizer magnificently named triple superphosphate. Apparently it is worthy of its name. Under Dr. Morgan's guidance, selected farmers were asked to treat one-half of a field with the new fertilizer, and then plant the whole field with clover. The T.V.A. has a photograph of a farmer who holds in one hand a few scraggly stalks, the yield of the untreated soil, and in the other hand a great mass of foliage, the yield with triple superphosphate. The T.V.A. has produced 40,000 tons of triple superphosphate with its own electric power, and distributed it free to 20,000 farmers. Farmers are now growing legumes and the legumes are forestalling erosion and enriching the land.

A second experiment concerns electrically fired porcelain. The process, which requires very high temperatures, has been used in Europe, but in this country the cost of electricity formerly made it prohibitive. The Tennessee Valley, however, has rich stores of kaolin, and the T.V.A. has brought cheap current. Accordingly, in partnership with the American Ceramics Society, the T.V.A. engineers undertook to devise an American technique. They have been successful, and the new process is now at the disposal of any private manufacturer who will make use of it.

The T.V.A. engineering staff has given particular attention to finding ways to use electricity on farms. They perfect a new gadget every few weeks. Among other devices, they have developed an electric hotbed for early flowers and vegetables; an electric hay drier; an electric hay hoist; an electric brooder for poultry farms; a low-temperature refrigerating plant; a plant for "quick-freezing" fruit; another for dehydrating fruit. The day when a farmer can sit indoors by his radio, wearing a stiff collar, and do his farming by touching electric switches is on its way.

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Chairman Arthur E. Morgan has made refrigeration his special hobby. Dr. Morgan is a passionate believer in what he calls "regional self-sufficiency." It was a matter of acute distress to him that farmers sold their lambs, fruit and vegetables in the Chicago market, and then used their scanty profits in buying back cold-storage meat and canned fruit and vegetables. So Dr. Morgan undertook to form refrigerator coöperatives, of which three are now functioning. When members slaughter their lambs, and harvest their garden truck, they deposit a portion in the coöperative refrigerator. Thus they assure themselves of a plentiful and varied food supply throughout the year. It is hoped that these so-called "walk-in refrigerators" will have an important effect on the Valley's dietary standards.

A large part of the T.V.A.'s permanent staff is occupied with office work. Here the pioneering spirit of the T.V.A. has flamed brightly. Under Mr. John F. Pierce of the office-management section, continuous experimentation has gone on. Comparative tests have been made of all brands of typewriters. In coöperation with a manufacturer of steel filing cabinets, the T.V.A. has developed a new and improved alphabetical filing system. Working with forty makers of carbon paper, the T.V.A. has conducted the most exhaustive test of that material ever held. Experiments have been made to determine the most useful rest period for clerks and stenographers. Other researches have concerned the character of lighting needed to prevent eye-strain, which in turn has led to a study of wall finishes. The results of these experiments in office-management technique are being given free to private business.

The list of T.V.A. innovations is almost endless. For example, the Valley diet is deficient in beef, so a scheme has been worked out by which the hill people are to graze cattle during the summer, while in the fall the bottom-land dwellers will fatten them. At Laurel, a plant has been established to manufacture starch from yams. Canneries belonging to the Tennessee Valley Associated Co-operatives, of which Dr. A. E. Morgan is the head, have been set up at Murphy, Cranberry, Green Mountain, Waynesville, Hendersonville and Soddy. A selling co-operative, Southern Highlanders, Inc., operates a shop in Rockefeller Center, New York.

The T.V.A. would be this writer's favorite New Deal agency if it were not for one thing. That is its habit of styling itself an agency for "social planning"—Mr. Roosevelt's favorite expression for the T.V.A., incidentally. This seems to me an egregious misuse of the word "planning." The T.V.A. has been remarkably efficient in constructing hydro-electric dams and it is carrying out various experiments of extraordinary interest. But it is no more a planning body than my last summer's straw hat is. Planning, in its ordinary meaning, is the devising of adequate means to attain given ends. In the U.S.S.R., where genuine planning takes place, the central planning body decides that x million tons of pig iron are to be produced, and they are produced. An American housewife planning her yearly budget sets aside x dollars for the children's winter overcoats, and in due course the overcoats appear. The T.V.A. has no way of ensuring that its triple superphosphate will be used, or its electrically fired porcelain manufactured. It lacks authority even to plan the use of more than a small part of its own electricity. This country needs social planning badly, but no purpose is served by pretending that we have it when we haven't.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Fine Art of Rousing—Rabble vs. Stockholder Rousers—Dishing Out Misinformation with Dividends

DURING the campaign just ended we heard a good deal of the word "rabble-rouser." It is a word of precise meaning. It means, so far as I can make out, one who seeks to awake from sleep or repose the lower classes.

The term, of course, is used always as one of opprobrium, and this is based on the assumption that the lower classes should remain asleep and in repose. Yet, I think anyone, even a professor in the employ of an economic royalist, will admit theoretically that the lower classes of the people have rights as well as the upper classes. And when those rights are invaded or threatened with extinction the only way in which they can be safeguarded is to arouse or awake from sleep or repose the usually slumbrous and sluggish class which sleeps in ignorance of its dangers.

The manner of setting off the alarm, of course, must be adapted to the nature of the sleeper to be awakened. Sometimes the sleeper is very much asleep. Often the burglar has got into the house or the fire flourishing in the kitchen has gained headway before he awakes. Moreover, the alarm must penetrate several thicknesses of cuticle in the ear and then has to travel along a very languid set of nerves to a still more languid brain. In that event, taking a seat beside the bed and judiciously expatiating upon the moral elements of theft or the physical danger of fire in a calm and quiet manner will not interrupt a single snore of the imperiled snoozer. It is necessary to yell in his ear. One must cry "Watch!" "Fire!" and keep it up until the drowsy fellow sits up and puts himself in an attitude of defense.

Now the benevolent old Mr. Guldenrocks, from his winter chair in the Union League Club, will admit to you that these "good people" have a right to have their interests looked after, but he wants the subject presented to them in a cultivated voice, in classic accents and in cautious whispers, lest they actually awake and do something about their affairs. Therefore the fellow who talks to them loud enough to wake them and in terms they can understand is called a rabble-rouser.

However, it appears that there are other classes in the community who have rights as well as the rabble. And they have, I suspect, privileges which they have come to think of as rights. And when those rights and privileges are attacked they feel they have a right to be told of the menace. They have a right to be roused. The man who rouses them may well be called a rouser—a banker-rouser, a broker-rouser, a promoter-rouser.

This form of rousing, however, is much more delicate and refined. It can be practised in far more gentle accents. The nerve to be reached is far more openly exposed. It is in fact the most sensitive and completely exposed nerve of

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all—the money nerve. Moreover, the sleeper himself is never in so sound a slumber. You do not have to yell to awake him. You have, in fact, merely softly to whisper "Taxes!" You may even do it without the exclamation point. The noble art of rousing, therefore, may be practised in different ways and according to varying techniques. And it is a highly refined or a very ignoble art, depending on the person or group to be roused.

One of the ways of rousing a slumbering class is through the envelope that carries dividends or other corporate notices to stockholders and bondholders. Eddie Bernays, one of the most objective and intelligent rousers in the business, once said that the gentle art of propaganda is most effective when it is directed at precisely the group you wish to reach, rather than being shot into the air without aim. He has observed that it is frequently possible to reach the minds of vast groups of influential people without ever getting so much as an agate line in a newspaper or magazine or uttering a whisper over the air. There are certain types of arguments which fall most fruitfully upon the ears of the property-holding groups, and particularly upon those owning securities. There are innumerable corporations with innumerable stockholders—25,000,000, Mr. David Lawrence loves to repeat with that charming, insouciant disregard of statistics to which he is addicted. Certainly there are five or six million. They get dividends. They get notices of passed dividends, notices of elections, statements, etc. How simple it is to slip millions of little tracts, leaflets, pamphlets, cries of warning, into those envelopes.

If, like Mr. John Smith, you have five shares in E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, you may get three or four enclosures a year or maybe two or three during the campaign, telling you what side a du Pont shareholder's bread is buttered on. It may be, for instance, a tract prepared by the patriotic Manufacturers' Association on the subject of taxation. If you are Mr. Guldenrocks of the Union League and have diversified your holdings and have securities in thirty or fifty corporations, you may get as many as several hundred in a year or in the course of a campaign. So while the rabble-rousers, who have no means of awakening the sleeping Mr. John Q. Public, are yelling into the wind at the top of their voices, frequently with not even a microphone or a reporter around, the stockholder-rouser is busy dropping millions of warnings upon the terrified ears of the security holders through the quiet, gentle but effective agency of the United States mails at practically no additional cost by merely slipping them into corporate notices.

All this is suggested by a note before me reading: "There is enclosed herewith a copy of a bulletin issued by the National Manufacturers' Association, which we believe will be of interest to you, and recommend for your careful consideration. Yours sincerely, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company." And this, of course, went to all stockholders. The enclosure was a four-page blast about taxes plainly aimed at the administration and containing enough misinformation and bad economics to have been prepared by Colonel Knox himself.

Well, what about this stockholder-rousing? Is there any reason why corporate notices should not be used for political campaigning? I think there is. JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Bandwagon

Natives will not be deprived of their lands without due process of law.—*U. P. dispatch from Addis Ababa in The New York Herald Tribune.*

If Frenchmen who love their country were wise they would invite Hitler to come to France to put France in order and destroy bolshevism. This would remove the menace of war in Europe and England would then have breathing time to build up her defenses, which have been so shamefully neglected by this accursed National Government.—*From The Saturday Review, London.*

Paul at the beginning was the world's outstanding enemy of Christianity and he became its greatest apostle. I am not trying to be smart when I say that I am encouraged by this fact to pray continually that Mussolini may become a missionary to Africa, Hitler the outstanding friend of the Jews, and the Honorable James Farley the president of the Anti-Saloon League of America.—*Dr. Rollin H. Walker, quoted in The Lincoln, Neb., State Journal.*

SOME FUN

Side by side with the man investor, the woman investor must again strip herself for battle.—*From a speech by George McNeir, chairman of the board of the Mohawk Carpet Mills, before the Century Club of Amsterdam, N.Y.*

AND THEY ARE EVEN LESS BOTHER WHEN YOU ARE DEAD

War doesn't seem awful to the Spanish peasant. He had about the same number of cooties in time of peace.—*Robert Quillen, in his syndicated column.*

REFERRED TO MR. HEARST

Revolutionary Events Committee. Chairman Cap E. Miller, of Fargo, N. D., chairman of the Committee on Revolutionary Events, reports that he is sorry to state that this committee has done nothing worthy of a real report.—*From the Quarterly Bulletin of the Sons of the American Revolution.*

OUR GET-TOGETHER-WITH-YOURSELVES DEPARTMENT

Currency manipulations are one of the first signs of lurking communism.—*Address to the Painesville, Ohio, chapter of the D.A.R., by L. A. Trofimov, reported in The Painesville Telegraph.*

Lira's rate is reduced 40 percent: Italy's new coin to exchange nineteen to the dollar.—*News headline on the same page, same issue.*

DEFINITIONS OF DEMOCRACY: I

Democracy—a government of the masses. Authority derived through mass meeting or any other form of "direct" expression. Result is mobocracy. Attitude toward property is communistic—negating property rights. Attitude toward law is that the will of the majority shall regulate, whether it be based upon deliberation or governed by passion, prejudice and impulse without restraint or regard for consequences. Results in demagogism, license, agitation, discontent and anarchy.—*Training Manual No. 2000-2025 for the Reserve Officers' Training Corps.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

The People's Lobby Program

SIR: At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors, the People's Lobby adopted the following program for the next Congress: (1) Heavy progressive taxation of incomes, personal and corporate, of estates and of land values, and reduction or repeal of consumption taxes; (2) a government housing corporation; (3) a government marketing corporation; (4) a government farming corporation; (5) socialization of banking and credit; (6) socialization of coal, oil, water power and gas; (7) socialization of the steel industry; (8) socialization of the textile industry; (9) socialization of the motor industry; (10) social security; (11) international coöperation.

These are measures which should be a part of the New Deal, and will be vigorously pressed in the coming Congress.

BENJAMIN C. MARSH,
Washington, D. C. Executive Secretary.

"Pacifism: Its Rise and Fall"

SIR: As a member of the "lunatic fringe" referred to in Bruce Bliven's article on pacifism [The New Republic, November 18] may I inquire further regarding the regimen he is recruiting for the next peace?

After stigmatizing conscientious objection and the principle of non-resistance as making the arrival of fascism easier, he cites the choice of armed resistance made by the people of Spain as if their courageous but bloody stand had succeeded.

He admits that war resisters do not consider non-resistance the ultimate good, but he fails to realize that the tropism, which he called blind, may be changed into a true vision if pacifists continue long enough their struggle to convince the world that there are better methods than force by which to settle all international disputes.

The pacifist, sentimentally declaring his refusal to fight, has the following practical suggestions to make, beginning with our own country, the most isolated and strongest nation and, therefore, the best able to set an example. Let our government take the initiative in forbidding the arming of the world by its munition makers. Let it abandon imperialism, extra-territoriality, high tariffs and other special privileges. Let it make the unilateral Monroe Doctrine all-American. Let it urge universal total disarmament, and agree to submit to whatever code of international law may be accepted by the civilized world.

New York City. WILLIAM FLOYD.

[I agree warmly with Mr. Floyd's program, and am only puzzled to know why he should think I wouldn't.—B. B.]

SIR: The article by Mr. Bruce Bliven, "Pacifism: Its Rise and Fall," is thoughtful, brave and badly needed. I wonder whether, with the wreckage of past hopes so neatly cleared away, he wouldn't be good enough to develop the rather scanty constructive part.

It is the conviction of a great many people that we shall have war until we get a substitute for it; a substitute, I mean, by which existing prerogatives, including national boundaries, may be changed on the basis of some prearranged machinery. Further, can any substitute for war start otherwise than in relatively small beginnings? Can we sanely expect to start off on a worldwide basis? It would seem that the possibilities of getting a substitute for war are reduced by hugging delusive phantoms big enough to embrace the fascist countries.

Of course, back of pacifism, must be the willingness to forgo prerogatives which can be retained by fighting. It is a *noblesse oblige* of the stronger nations. But wherever a sufficient amount of *noblesse* can be mustered, it seems probable, too, in the light of history that enforcement provisions must be strong enough to balance in some way the strength of the stronger nation involved. In other words, it is clear that back of any agreement to arbitrate must be either some sort of forfeit principle or armed force.

It is, however, a highly speculative question, and just because it is speculative we should look for possible progress through a variety of arrangements by nations in twos and threes, rather than expect to whoop up further agreements for the world as a whole.

For these reasons, then, it would be valuable to have some penetrating realist like Mr. Bliven trace what has been attempted along these lines and the reasons for past failures.

Plainfield, N. J. FRANCIS GOODELL.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Recollections of Jerome Davis as an assistant professor at Dartmouth in 1921-22, and scorn at Yale's failure to renew his appointment are sent us by L. J. Salter, of North Rose, New York. . . . Speaking for the 650 students of the Workers' School of Philadelphia, Carl Reeve, the director, expresses indignation over Professor Davis' case, and urges a full investigation.

The need for medical assistance and supplies for the people of Spain is the subject of letters from two organizations that are collecting such supplies and funds for their purchase. One is the Medical Bureau of the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, and the other the Professional Committee for Medical Aid to Spain, 12 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

Charles A. Beard's "Five Pages From Newton D. Baker" in our issue of October 7 draws approving comment from E. J. Pyre, of London, who feels that Mr. Beard dealt very effectively with two erroneous theories of the United States' entrance into the War. Mr. Pyre inquires why Walter J. Millis' "The Road to War" is not more widely recognized as a remarkable work in this field.

From Preeceville, Saskatchewan, W. Bentley writes that ex-citizens of the United States in that region were satisfied with the election results almost to a man, but that he personally, although he was happy to see the downfall of the Hearst and Coughlin forces, sees danger in such an overwhelming majority for Mr. Roosevelt, whose program, he believes, promises little. . . . R. C. Kennedy writes from Camden, Alabama, that he dislikes John T. Flynn's attacks upon the President, but intends to go on reading The New Republic until it turns fascist.

Our editorial comment that it was incredible that the Executive Council of the A.F. of L. should appear to be teaming up with Hearst to break the strike on The Seattle Post-Intelligencer is termed naïve by George Olshausen of San Francisco, who mentions other similar action by the Council and refers us to Palme Dutt's "Fascism and Social Revolution" for European instances.

Julius Hochman, president of Brookwood Labor College, sends us an appeal for funds to save this oldest and largest of such institutions, which must raise $8,000 in the next few weeks.

What's on the Air?

Secretary of State Hull, Dr. Carlos Saavedra Lamas, Foreign Minister of Argentina, Edward Tomlinson, commentator, and probably President Roosevelt, on Pan American Peace Conference program. Tuesday, December 1, 10 to 10:30 P.M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Olga Samaroff, Leslie Howard and others on National Council of Women program. Wednesday, December 2, 3 to 3:30 P.M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Francis B. Sayre, Assistant Secretary of State, and Senator Warren R. Austin of Vermont discuss "World Trade and American Recovery" at America's Town Meeting of the Air, of which George V. Denny is chairman and director. Thursday, December 3, 9:30 P.M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Chester Rowell leading a discussion on highway safety under the title of "Tomorrow's Roads," at a meeting of the American Association of State Highway Officials. Tuesday, December 8, 10:30 to 11 P.M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

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To Madame Frijsh

YOU CAN take any painting and blur or remove details so that only the underlying masses remain, either in color and line or in terms of light and dark. The essential composition will then easily appear, where the main emphases are, and where the transitions come. A poor painting cannot stand the test of this: without its surface trivialities it peters off into the nothing it always was. Paintings such as "The Tempest" of Giorgione, Tintoretto's "Crucifixion," Maurice Sterne's "Anticoli" or a good landscape by Magnasco will present the weight and the design basic to them, exactly as happens in nature, where a stretch of fields, city or sea just before the moon has risen gives us the forms on which the full light presently will build its scene.

You can do this same thing with a play, with a single scene of the play, and with an actor's performance. At least one excellence that we might claim for the old school of acting lies in the fact that the very absence of certain subtleties in detail left the main design more apparent. Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet, admirable as it is for its many poetic values, its personal intensity and its polish, lacks basic design. It has moments rather than emphases; and its rhythm of emotion is personal and fluttering; it does not establish any final and distinct composition. To illustrate this point we may take one scene, that where Hamlet discovers the king praying, has a chance for his revenge, but defers it.

You may take the Hamlet theme any way you choose, the thinker, the madness, the procrastination and all the familiar elements upon which the opinions of Coleridge, Booth, Dr. Johnson, George Henry Lewes, Dowden, Dr. Onimus, Plumptre, Garrick and scores of others are so easily accessible. When you are through with these researches, you will do well to note the observation by Professor Kittredge in the volume of Shakespeare's complete works which he has just edited and in which he manages within the two-page limit of introduction to each play to make so many sane and just points.[1] Professor Kittredge reminds us that the murder of Hamlet's father is suspected by no one until the ghost reveals it. But this is "spectral evidence." Hamlet believes that the apparition is indeed the ghost of his father and that it has told the truth. And yet it may be a demon in his father's shape, tempting him to kill an innocent man. "This doubt," we are told, "as to the ambiguous apparition accords with ancient doctrine and was perfectly intelligible to any Elizabethan audience." It is historically, and was practically, a perfectly authentic dilemma that Hamlet was obliged to face. Disregard of it has led to much misinterpretation of Hamlet's character, with too much stress on procrastination, vain dreaming, impulsive emotion, feeble will. But Shakespeare in at least five places has done his best to enforce this imperative scruple as to the apparition. Hamlet cannot act on mere spectral testimony, and this fact leads to the play device.

With this point seen clearly in the light of good sense plus the authority of Professor Kittredge (which comes to about the same thing), and with the character of Hamlet studied accordingly, we return to the scene of the king praying. The scene comes at a point almost three-fifths through the play. Any way you take it as to character, the grapple of thought with action, the objective and subjective worlds, you have now the two facts of certainty plus opportunity, reflection plus delay.

I watched this scene as both Mr. Gielgud and Mr. Leslie Howard did it. Both of them gave us details, personal emotions; but not from either one would you have perceived—as in this case you should do without effort—that here was the climax, the turning point, of the drama. Which is to say the actor in each case missed the essential composition of the scene, however much individual emotion he may have put into it. It is the actor's business to give us not only what the character experiences at the moment; he must also convey the moment's relation to the whole.

The effort of both these players to make the soliloquies and long speeches more natural in effect by breaking them up is also a mistake, however well meant. It betrays in the actor a nervousness at the form or style that confronts him. But he must not deny or betray the style. The habit of mind, the ability to think, as shown in these speeches of Hamlet's, he need not worry about; Shakespeare takes care of that. But the capacity for passion, if only cerebral passion, on which these speeches rest, is easily destroyed by such stops and pauses, hesitations, ruminations and bits of realistic stage business. When the actor breaks the passage up like that he only sinks it to his own level, a nicely tinted prose explanation, or else a string of poetic personal divisions. But in art a thing comes to life only in its unity.

Hearing these speeches broken up like that, even by so poetic an interpreter as Mr. Gielgud, I am led to reflect on how strange is the difference as to music and stage poetry. People who long since understood that you remain within the musical form, not allowing what you would express to distort the form but forcing it to appear within the terms and pressure of that form, will yet consent to a reading of poetry that mistrusts and violates the form, perverts the musical statement organic to the thought, and dissipates the essential energy of poetry by easing its pressure and evading its conventions.

These readers of Shakespeare's verse and their audiences would not waste time if they went to listen well to Madame Povla Frijsh. It goes, I suppose, without saying, that among singers she is easily the greatest artist we have in our midst. To hear her sing, as she has just done in her first concert of the season, those songs by Fauré, Bach, Poulenc, Hué, Backer-Gröndahl, is to hear music grow as solid as anatomy, final as mathematical form, and at the same time to be filled with the breath of all art as wind fills a tree, or as light reveals the wings of a design. A familiar form like the waltz she can establish on a basis more inevitable than any bandmaster can accomplish, and yet so free of the obvious or banal that you are forced to wonder what it is about the waltz that is immortal. Mr. Howard's Hamlet we can forget; but the first thing an actor like Mr. Gielgud could learn from Madame Frijsh is energy, that underlying element which suggests that it is boundless, and that it will work to destroy anything not itself. Thus from energy form is born and is kept pure and strict. For all actors Madame Frijsh may stand as a marvel in stage projection, intensity and graciousness of style, and the evocation of images.

STARK YOUNG.

[1] The Complete Works of Shakespeare, edited by George Lyman Kittredge. New York: Ginn and Company. 1,561 pages. $6.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

On Literature and Revolution

IS A REVOLUTION good or bad for writers? Does it tend to stimulate or retard the production of masterpieces? Such questions have been asked for several years, and have usually been argued with more temper than understanding. Indeed, they are tangled to such a degree in human faith and fears that it is hard even to state them dispassionately, let alone finding answers in anything that approaches the critical spirit. Yet there is no lack of material for research. Beginning with the Dutch war for independence in the sixteenth century, and by no means ending with the battle that continues in the streets of Madrid, there have been so many revolutions won or lost —so many writers have been caught up in them and have reacted in similar fashions—that it should not be impossible to establish a pattern of response to the different stages of the struggle.

Not the first of these stages, but the first at which connections become easy to trace, is the political crisis that precedes every major revolution. There is plenty of evidence to show that such crises are likely to be periods of literary ferment. This generality is true of many revolutions that failed (1848 in France, 1919-23 in Germany) as well as of almost all the revolutions that succeeded. Russia in 1917 is an exception, but in this case the ferment had preceded the unsuccessful revolution of 1905, which in turn was followed by years of intellectual torpor and a disastrous war. Almost everywhere else the political crisis has been accompanied by a crisis in the arts and by a flowering of all literary forms except perhaps the greatest. There is a feeling of excitement, of urgency, that probably interferes with the writing of epic poems or long, solid novels or dramas of the type that ripen in contemplation. On the other hand, there is a new audience for every sort of writing that bears on immediate problems. A new class is hoping to rule the state and it wants all the privileges of the former ruling class, including the enjoyment of books and pictures. Theatres give experimental plays and are always crowded. Publishers and booksellers have no enemies except the censor. Novels are written as hastily as pamphlets, whereas pamphleteering becomes a fine art (witness Tom Paine and the French Encyclopedists). There is likely to be a new interest in peasant speech (Russia, Ireland) and in folksong (Ireland, Spain). And the growing vitality of literature produces a growing anger against the restrictions laid upon it by the old order. People are saying, "Things can't go on like this."

On the day of a successful revolution, a great and almost involuntary sigh of relief runs through the country. The old institutions, as they hardened with age, had become always more burdensome and confining; now that they are shattered, the revolutionary nation is like a man released from a plaster cast, who takes his first awkward steps and immediately wants to dance for pure delight. He holds the future in his hands: everything seems possible. It was of a time like this that Trotsky said, "Many could not contain their joy, and wept." And Marmont, one of Napoleon's marshals, wrote in the memoirs of his revolutionary youth: "We lived in a radiant atmosphere; at the age of fifty-five I still feel its power and warmth as on the first day."

Great poems might well be written during these days of exaltation (though when I try to think of examples I can remember only Alexander Blok's "The Twelve"). But usually the period is too brief to make itself felt except as a glowing and impossible memory. The next stage comes too soon, with its factional bickerings, its civil war, its massacre of revolutionists, its terror directed against the rebellious nobles. There is almost certainly a foreign invasion; there are probably plagues and famines and general disorganization. Few have time enough, and almost nobody of talent is sufficiently cold-blooded, to write polished strophes or cadenced prose in the midst of the battle against chaos.

Then, if the revolution has been successful, a slow wave of disillusionment sweeps through the intellectual classes. After so much heroism and so many wasted lives, there are still rulers and subjects, there are still bureaucrats and hypocrites: it seems that nothing has really changed. The writers of the revolutionary country, now tempted into the chase after money and honors, look beyond their borders with a patronizing and reminiscent and painful smile—perhaps at the belated Jacobins in Naples, or at English intellectuals like William Blake parading through the streets of King George's London in a liberty cap. How many years has it been since people wore liberty caps in Paris? Is it true—the writers ask a short time later—that Napoleon is planning to suppress all but the official newspapers? Is it true that literary experiments will soon be punished as severely as republican deviations?

I am trying to suggest two conclusions about the fate of writers during a revolutionary struggle. The first is that their work is likely to suffer—at first from the diversion of energies into other channels and later, under Cromwell or Napoleon, from a censorship that writers are too weary or disillusioned to fight. The second conclusion is that the liberating effects, the warmth and enthusiasm of the revolution, are likely to be felt in the literature of other countries before they are felt at home. This was certainly the case in Germany and England at the end of the eighteenth century. Recent biographies of Blake and Wordsworth seem to show that the whole Romantic movement owes a vast, unrecognized debt to the French rebels. Moreover, the debt continued to grow. During Napoleon's last years as emperor, the English could read the early poems of Byron and Shelley, glowing with republican ideals, while the French were being afflicted with copybook odes and pseudo-classic tragedies. It was not until 1830 that French literature began to express the new forces and classes liberated by the men of 1789. In this sense, Balzac and Stendhal were the novelists of the revolution, and Victor Hugo was its greatest poet, the first to celebrate those beardless soldiers of the year II before whom the thrones of Europe, "rolling like dead leaves, were scattered to the wind." With Hugo, the revolution returned to its fatherland.

Such, in its simplest and baldest outline, is the pattern that revolutions have left in the literature of several European countries. Certainly it does not justify those sentimental radicals who call for a revolution at any price and trust that their literary problems will be washed away in other people's blood. But neither does it justify those timid critics who, in their fears of a future catastrophe, are moved to attack the revolutions of the present and the past—not

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only the Spanish and Russian revolutions, but also those in France and America (and if they say nothing about Cromwell's revolution in England, it is only because they are so ignorant of history that they think the English solved everything by compromise and never cut off King Charles's head). Men of middle-class families, these critics are in debt to revolutionists for almost all the advantages they enjoy. If the American revolution had not opened a continent to settlement, if the French revolution had not sent feudal institutions scuttering like dead leaves, they doubtless would have been tied to their fathers' trades—they would have been selling goods over the counter to the landed gentry or, with ancestors like my own, would have been hoeing a hillside potato patch in Ulster. Yet they continue to proclaim the utter wickedness and futility of all revolutions with a fear that is hard to distinguish from the fear of life itself.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Some English Novels

The Snare of the Fowler, by Gerald Bullett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

David and Joanna, by George Blake. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.

A House of Women, by H. E. Bates. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.

Honorable Estate, by Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Secret Journey, by James Hanley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IF ONE asks why these five novels were written, the answer is easiest in the case of the first, "The Snare of the Fowler," which was written because Mr. Bullett is a novelist—that is to say, a person who earns his living, or a part of his living, by writing novels. It seems to me reasonably clear that Mr. Bullett, wanting to write another novel and casting about for a subject, hit upon the expedient of bringing the Oedipus story up to date. Some skillful maneuvering was necessary to make Robert Cordwainer marry his mother and kill his father, but the author succeeded in doing it, and did it so that, if one reads the book rapidly—which is the only way to read it—the manipulating hand is not too apparent. Despite a little pretentious talk about coincidence and fate, "The Snare of the Fowler" attempts no Sophoclean heights, and is merely 276 pages of presumably salable reading matter.

Mr. Bullett stands alone. Mr. Blake, like the other three novelists we have to consider, has felt the demands of his subject. He has written a novel of Scottish youth escaping from depression, financial and moral, on bicycles. One feels in the book that Mr. Blake saw the bands of gay young cyclists he so affectionately describes and decided there was a story in them, a story he wanted to write. He invented a gawky lad, brought up in orthodox gloom, and a good-looking, courageous girl, brought up in semi-bohemian squalor, and he sent them riding about Scotland, first as friends and then as lovers. It was a good idea as far as it went, but Mr. Blake was too honest not to realize that life cannot be one long bicycle ride, and he had to bring his lovers back to earth, and to grimy Glasgow earth at that. Joanna is brave as she waits for her baby to be born, and Mr. Blake tries—not very successfully—to be brave too.

Compared with Mr. Bullett, Mr. Blake is an amateur, but I shall look for his next novel with interest. H. E. Bates is neither an amateur nor, in the Bullett sense, a professional. He has written some of the finest short stories that have appeared in England since the War, stories in which almost flawless descriptions are matched by subtle revelations of character. I am afraid, after reading "The Poacher" and "A House of Women" that he writes novels because short stories do not sell. "A House of Women" may be regarded as either an expanded short story—and I can think of short stories in which Mr. Bates has compressed all the drama and the complexity of this novel—or as a series of episodes. It is, nevertheless, page by page, a remarkable book, written with an affectionate, patient determination to do justice to uncommon powers of perception. I first read it several months ago in the English edition, and, though I could not possibly have retold the story, I perfectly remembered certain scenes: the Jeffery family haying, Rosie at the bar of The Angel, Rosie's first contact with the abundance of a farmhouse table, Turk and Maudie in the kitchen, war-crippled Tom Jeffery's berserk attack on his family. Rereading it, I have again felt both the effectiveness of these and other scenes and the weaknesses of the novel as a whole. Part of the trouble, I think, is that Bates deliberately limits his field of vision, insisting on seeing life in terms of episodes that he can satisfactorily render. If he demanded more of himself, he could accomplish more.

There is nothing modest in the aims of "Honorable Estate," which sets out to be a chronicle of the emancipation of British womanhood. It traces a marriage that is flagrantly unhappy, a marriage that is only outwardly a success, and then a marriage (of the son of the first and the daughter of the second) based on the new recognition of women's rights. The theme is important, and the treatment intelligent and careful, but the novel refuses to come alive. It seems to me appropriate that the designer of the dust jacket put the name of the author in larger type than the name of the book. It is Vera Brittain's book, dominated at every point by her alert mind, and the characters never get away from her. Taken for what it is, it is a valuable book to read, but if you expect to be bounced into a sense of life, as E. M. Forster puts it, you will be disappointed. Alec Brown's "Daughters of Albion" shows both less skill in the handling of incidents and less sweet reasonability, but it does make you hate the bullying husbands and fathers, whereas "Honorable Estate" merely pins them up as interesting specimens for you to examine.

James Hanley is the only one of our five authors who writes because he has a demon, and, with typical reviewer's captiousness, I turn from lamenting that Vera Brittain hasn't a demon to wishing that Hanley would make his behave. "The Secret Journey" seems to me inferior to "The Furys," to which it is the sequel. When Hanley is dealing with the Fury family, the book is magnificent. It is hard to conceive anything better than the departure of Denis Fury or the adventures of Mrs. Fury and her sister Brigid at the theatre or the removal of old Mr. Mangan. Mrs. Fury is surely one of the most impressive characters in contemporary fiction, and the hold she has won upon our imagination is intensified all through this book. But when Mr. Hanley comes to the affair between Peter and Sheila, his demon appears to be leading him out of the perfectly credible if somewhat sordid streets of Gelton and into some less representative dwelling place of the human spirit. And Anna Ragner, the moneylender, and her assistant Corkran are quite clearly such self-conscious and self-approving embodiments of evil as never walked the streets of any earthly city.

Throughout the greater part of the long novel, one can ignore the demonic interruptions, and rejoice in as robust

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and satisfying a portrayal of working-class life as can well be found, but the ending unfortunately drives home a final impression of unreality. All through the Grand Guignol horrors of the last two chapters, one waits for Hanley to say that Peter woke up and found it was all a dream, but this is neither a dream nor an excursion into Joycean impressionism; it is intended to be a serious climax to a realistic novel. Overwritten descriptions of not quite credibly violent acts have marred more than one of Hanley's novels, but never before with such a disastrous shattering of the reader's faith in the author and his characters.

When James Hanley writes, "I am interested mostly in the insignificant," does he mean that he concerns himself with the kinds of lives that literature usually ignores, which is one of his sources of strength, or is he, more subtly, warning readers not to expect him to explain the significance of the events he describes? Up to a point Hanley understands the significance of the working-class lives he deals with, and writes about them with power and wisdom; beyond that point he feels there is significance, but cannot quite grasp it. That is why he talks about insignificance, and why he writes such chapters as the last two in "The Secret Journey." Because he won't let himself down, because he refuses to lapse into what he feels would be anti-climax, he explodes in irrelevant violence. Mr. Hanley is the only major novelist in our group, and one of the few major novelists in England today; he has integrity, he has passion, and in this book he has an important theme; but intellectual mastery is also necessary, especially for a novelist of the proletariat. GRANVILLE HICKS.

Men of Darkness

This, My Brother, by John Rood. Chicago: Midwest Federation of Arts and Professions. $1.

JOHN ROOD'S short novel, the first of a series of projected publications on midwest subjects by midwest authors, is likely to prove disturbing to old-fashioned readers who cling to traditional ideas about structure and form. At times the book breaks into something resembling free verse or the "camera eye" of Dos Passos. "This, My Brother" is a story of dark men out of the womb of the dark earth: coal diggers. Jesse McGregor is a man wise in the ways of the mine and in class knowledge, which he tries to impart to his son Robert, who is enslaved by the body of his unfaithful wife, "the golden-fleshed whore." The climax revolves about the father's death on the picket line and the sprouting of rebellion in Robert's breast, his renunciation of his wife, who has been serving as an anodyne to drug the consciousness of his own exploitation and that of his comrades. "Here within me are the words he would have spoken," he says of his father. "I will tell you for him. Listen, brothers. . . ."

Rood's portrait of the shallow, voluptuous wife is an especially fine one. His characterizations of Jesse and Robert are less subtle, done in broad charcoal strokes, but credible none the less. It may be that the mine owners and their idle, vicious women smack too much of the familiar silk-hatted, dollar-branded and pot-bellied capitalists of the early proletarian mass chants, but Rood's vituperative scorn ascends above the merely hortatory. There are interludes in which the flow of narrative is dammed by denunciations of the parasites, but Rood's adeptness in manipulating the cumulative effect of repetition and his almost biblical lyrical quality save the day. Though the prose sometimes stutters, it never becomes Stein-esque. Robert is a simple, earthy

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creature, yet somewhat more convincing than Sherwood Anderson's bewildered primitives. There is, of course, the objection that proletarian "conversion" novels wear their climaxes as a detachable placard. Rood, however, has managed it more successfully than most. JACK CONROY.

Brandeis: Heavenly Visitor

Brandeis: The Personal History of an American Ideal, by Alfred Lief. Harrisburg, Pa.: Stackpole Sons. 508 pages. $3.

Brandeis and the Modern State, by Alpheus T. Mason. Washington, D. C.: National Home Library Foundation. 270 pages. 25 cents.

THIS MONTH Mr. Justice Brandeis reached his eightieth year. He has a jurisdiction that runs far beyond that which John Marshall claimed for the Supreme Court. Outside of, and overleaping, the Court, he has become in himself a council of Elder Statesmen, an American equivalent of the Genro. To his home in Washington each Sunday come responsible officers of government to beg wisdom. There has been scarcely a major political act of the last generation that does not bear, to some degree, the impress of his thought.

Mr. Lief has put together the record of these eighty years, writing in a cheerful, rushing style, adorned by startling puns. It forms a story of immense range, hardly less than the country's political and economic history from about 1906 onwards. Yet, at the end of Mr. Lief's long, tumultuous book, the close-packed activities of Mr. Brandeis' life fall into a clear, delicate pattern, that of a moral teacher, a citizen Spinoza.

Endless talk has been wasted on whether Mr. Brandeis is, or is not, a true-blown champion of the Left. How, for example, is his fierce opposition to the closed shop for union labor to be explained? To me at least, Mr. Lief's book makes the question incompetent and immaterial. Brandeis' quality is different from—let us say—that of his great friend, Robert M. La Follette the elder. La Follette's aim was the good fight, and he attacked the perpetrators of injustice as naturally and joyfully as a bulldog goes for a burglar. La Follette was a crusader, which is not at all the same thing as a teacher.

At the very start of Mr. Brandeis' career, he became involved in a strike of twenty-five hundred workers at the New Hampshire shoe factory of William H. McElwain. Brandeis was McElwain's lawyer, but he would not take his side. Neither did he burn with indignation at the plight of the strikers. Instead, he dug into the history of shoe manufacturing, and produced a plan by which seasonal layoffs could be avoided, and the annual income of the workers increased. His next fight was against the Boston Consolidated Gas Company. Almost at once he was having private meetings with the Consolidated's president, James L. Richards, teaching Richards the economics of the public-utility business, persuading him to lower rates in order to step up production.

What has aroused Brandeis, as you see his career as a whole, has never been the simple sight of injustice, but always the failure to remedy it by intelligence. What is the mortal enemy of intelligence? It is brute, smashing force, and Brandeis has always fought force relentlessly, even venomously. For him, the closed shop meant force, and he would have none of it. His epic warfare with the elder J. P. Morgan was the symbolic struggle of intelligence against muscle. Morgan was the national bully, who did business with brass knuckles and blackjack. A world with Morgan in it could never be a world ordered by the soft persuasion of intelligence, so Brandeis fought Morgan as he would have fought for his own life. Before a dozen courts, before the I.C.C. and a congressional committee, Brandeis made always one complaint: that Morgan did not know how to run a railroad, that he was a blusterer and not a student, that he attained his ends by force. One of the most curious facts to emerge from Mr. Lief's book is the abrupt change in Brandeis' feeling toward President Charles S. Mellen of the New Haven, once he discovered that Mellen had been browbeaten and insulted by Morgan. He began to speak of Mellen in a kindly fashion and, later, when Brandeis had been nominated for the Supreme Court, Mellen was one of the few business men to urge his confirmation by the Senate.

The salvation of the world by intelligence is no hurry-up job. Many people today find the injustices around them intolerable, so intolerable that they cry for action, almost any sort of action. To such people, La Follette, with his readiness to wade into a good fight wherever he saw one, is a bright, sharp symbol, while Brandeis is diffuse and misty. But from the standpoint of eternity, or at least of the hundred thousand years since we quit hanging by our tails from trees, Brandeis is right.

Professor Mason's book (published in the inexpensive series of the National Home Library Foundation) is a skillful, illuminating attempt to reduce the turbulent events of Mr. Brandeis' life to close-woven doctrine. He is primarily interested in the function of law in the modern state, and in his lively pages Mr. Brandeis and the "Brandeis brief"—the rule of *ex facto jus oritur*—take on the massive and revolutionary shape that rightfully belongs to them. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Smiling Through

Three Worlds, by Carl Van Doren. New York: Harper and Brothers. 317 pages. $3.

LIKE SO many autobiographies, this of Carl Van Doren's has an interest for both its intended and its unintended revelations. Probably Mr. Van Doren did not consciously plan to expose the peculiar bonelessness of the Wilsonian literary liberals, yet inevitably that is what he has done in "Three Worlds." "I have never in my life thought things out," he confesses, with his habitually disarming candor, "nor have I known anybody who ever did." In such terms a whole generation may be allowed to indict itself, more effectually than an outsider could hope to do. How much pleasant and not unuseful literary activity is consistent with a fundamental irresponsibility, this book—and Carl Van Doren's whole respectable career—demonstrate as engagingly as possible. The reader who is on the lookout for important insights or exacting judgments of men and events will naturally be disappointed in the tale, and there are moments at which he will probably be angrily impatient with the too tolerant and undiscriminating autobiographer. Unwisely, no doubt, for Mr. Van Doren's personal experience has touched that of a great many other Americans at point after point; and his quiet, unaffected, precise and genial narrative—especially in the early sections, which deal with his boyhood on an Illinois farm and his youth in a Middle Western college town—preserves the look and the feel of too important an aspect of American life to have been spared without loss.

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A Quarterly Review

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Bernstorff Remembers

Memoirs of Count Bernstorff. New York: Random House. 383 pages. $3.50.

WHEN Count Bernstorff left the United States in February, 1917, he confided to (of all persons) "Putzy" Hanfstängel in substance that undertaking the unrestricted U-boat warfare would be all right if it could be done but, considering the means at Germany's disposal for it, it ought to have been left untried. Up to then and to the end of the War, which found him working in the interest of the Bagdad Railway among other duties at Constantinople, Bernstorff was a loyal servant of German imperialist diplomacy, essentially so similar to other diplomacies. In this service he distinguished himself by distrusting the abilities of the military and naval men. And though he performed well enough the ancient function of the diplomatic guild, that of "lying for one's country abroad," he did not share the weakness of so many of his colleagues who, to suit Berlin, also lied from abroad to their country.

After the War the honest *Katzenjammer* of the defeated diplomat, which was shared for a short while by the whole German higher bureaucracy, but which most of them soon overcame (generally by writing memoirs), led Bernstorff to join and stick to the party of Germany's left bourgeoisie, a party of notables with a rapidly dwindling following. He entered the Reichstag, financed newspaper ventures, joined and headed all sorts of organizations by which European liberalism tried to retrieve the errors of the pre-war period —though among all the isms it was the one that had the fewest and poorest qualifications for making an International. The same conscience led Bernstorff to Geneva, eventually as the permanent representative of the Reich in the disarmament discussions, challenging there the delegates busy for the preservation of armaments and other sources of war.

What the Count writes about this life he calls confession, though, measured by theological standards of confession, there is little revelation in these conventional reminiscences of an old man chafing in retirement. This shortcoming makes itself all the more felt because poor editing furnishes plenty of vexation to the reader. With his Washington years the Count does not deal again at great length, as he has done on an earlier occasion, but reiterates his former conviction of the fatal influence of U-boat warfare and maintains the comfortable attitude of dissociating himself completely from the activities of men (like Papen) whom everybody regarded as his underlings.

Here and generally, the "I" of the memorialist remains a pseudonym for forces that reveal themselves only occasionally—as when the Count, with other officials of the Foreign Office, read this intercepted piece of advice from the Russian revolutionaries to the Germans at the end of 1918: "If you wish to make the Revolution complete, you must get rid of the old officials. If these remain, the Revolution will fail." Then and there, he determined to do his share in restoring order. But the Bernstorff order was not strong enough to preserve the Republic against the Reichswehr, about whose doings the Count is strangely silent, though he must have seen much of them behind the scenes in Berlin and Geneva. His obvious contempt for the Nazis he betrays only by a little malice, saying that the German is "not really revolutionary, though in politics he is inclined to fall a victim to adventurers and charlatans." Among the first families who have governed in German and adjoining states, the Bernstorffs have always belonged to the small group of the enlightened. It is only fitting that under Hitler

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they, and not the Prussian Junkers, are out of favor and office, that Count Johann writes his memoirs as a semi-exile at Geneva, lifting up his eyes to the mountains and to the sagging backdrops of liberalist peace arrangements, rather than resting them on the lowly huts of those landed estates which the Nazis have preserved for the Junkers.

ALFRED VAGTS.

Books in Brief

Government and Politics Abroad, by Henry Russell Spencer. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 558 pages. $3.50.

AMID A surfeit of best-sellers depicting the kaleidoscope of European politics, an occasional solid textbook is welcome. Professor Spencer of Ohio State University has contributed five hundred pages to the understanding of political practices and problems in Great Britain, France, the Soviet Union, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Chile, Japan and the League of Nations. The treatment is neither novel nor profound, but the facts are here in accurate, well balanced and readable form. The book is intended for college students. It may be read with profit by all who are more interested in the institutions than in the gossip of government.

F. L. S.

Journey Without Maps, by Graham Greene. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 310 pages. $2.75.

The name Liberia brings up to most readers immediate associations with the recent League of Nations inquiry into forced labor and other abuses, and the recent Firestone grant for rubber plantations which puts a large part of both the land and the people in pledge to the American interests. But these matters are given only oblique attention in Mr. Greene's book, describing a journey through the unmapped interior. As for that, nearly everything else a reader would be interested in is only obliquely referred to. Part of the reason is that Mr. Greene's style is very sophisticated, graceful and indirect; and the rest of the reason is that Mr. Greene began his journey with his main metaphor already made up, and put to use as his spiritual direction-finder. The metaphor is that a journey through Africa is a return to racial childhood, and is as important, in a psychoanalysis, as the return to individual childhood. It has this convenience to Mr. Greene, that it permits him, a reserved man, to talk through a whole book about himself. But it is not so convenient to the reader, for in spite of Mr. Greene's politeness and grace, the monologue becomes boring.

I. S.

The French Quarter, by Herbert Asbury. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 478 pages. $3.50.

Mr. Asbury, as a historian, belongs at the foot of the class with Mr. James Truslow Adams—but he's much more fun. Loosely rewriting the history of Louisiana from the founding of New Orleans to the end of the World War, Mr. Asbury picks out all the lurid highlights of its not unlurid past. He centers his attention on New Orleans, particularly that section of it which gives his book its title, and builds up to the great days of Kate Townsend, Josie Arlington and other notorious madams. Great days they were, too, with all sorts of scandalous goings-on right on the sidewalks, a Blue Book containing a list of the District's

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"400," the loose ladies of Basin Street swarming here, there and everywhere and God help a sailor in a port like this. There are numerous inaccurate statements in the book, and Mr. Asbury reports several highly dubious legends as fact, but his book should be of considerable interest to all those who like to take their sin at second hand.

H. B.

Material Gathered on the Federal Writers' Project, San Francisco. Editorial Board: Lawrence Estaven, Miriam Allen de Ford, Leon Dorais, Robin Kinkead, Kenneth Rexroth, Richard Romain. Privately Printed. 116 pages. Not for sale.

Other departments of the Works Progress Administration (art, music, drama) have afforded outlet for the creative abilities of their workers. Thus far the Writers' Project has confined itself pretty much to research and factual writing—its guides and encyclopedias, utilitarian and consequently irksome to many on the rolls. San Francisco members have rebelled, and rightly; but instead of calling a strike they have shown the way for the groups as a whole. This government-subsidized magazine, handsomely mimeographed, with its original poetry, essays, chapters from works in progress, short stories, etc., is a model for regional expression. It also is a model for a national creative W.P.A. magazine of merit. Inexpensive to produce, it is an outlet for the best that is in the writers, and not even such Tories as may still be extant could call it boondoggling. San Francisco has shown writers' groups in every region how to raise the Federal Writers' Project to a level with the Federal Theatre and the Treasury-supported Federal Arts Project. Writers, after all, should be allowed to write.

K. S.

Contributors

HENRY A. WALLACE, in addition to being Secretary of Agriculture, is a practical dirt farmer and a lifelong student of agricultural economics.

JOHN CORNFORD is identified in a note at the head of his article.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent of The New Republic, has written numerous books and articles dealing with history, economics and international affairs.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER, the author of "Time's Profile," a book of verse, is a resident of California and lectures on modern poetry there and in Mexico.

GRANVILLE HICKS, author of "The Great Tradition" and "John Reed," is now working, on a Guggenheim fellowship, on a study of English literature since 1887.

JACK CONROY was a Guggenheim fellow in 1935 and is now completing a book about migratory workers from the South. He is the author of "The Disinherited" and "A World to Win."

JONATHAN MITCHELL is well known to readers of The New Republic for his articles on politics and current affairs. He lives in Washington, D. C.

NEWTON ARVIN is an associate professor of English at Smith College. He is working on a book about Walt Whitman.

ALFRED VAGTS is a German professor now living in the United States. He is the author of "Deutschland und die Vereinigten Staaten in der Weltpolitik," published by the Macmillan Company.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Frederick L. Schuman, Isidor Schneider, Hamilton Basso and Karl Schriftgiesser.

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